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[ONE PENNY.]



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS—"LIFTING" AT EASTER.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE DIVISION ON THE IRISH CHURCH QUESTION.

The debate was continued until a late hour on Friday night, when the House divided, and the result was a majority against the Government, and in favour of Mr. Gladstone's resolution. It was twenty minutes to two when the first division took place, the practical effect of which was to decide by 330 to 270 votes that the amendment should be set aside, and the question "that the Speaker leave the chair" should be put to the House. A second division, taken with considerable reluctance, and amid cries of "Agreed," showed a transfer of two votes from the Opposition to the Ministry—the motion to go into Committee being carried by 328 to 272 votes. The House then went into Committee *pro forma*, the chairman being immediately ordered to report progress. The speeches which carried on the Irish debate from five to half-past ten, although many of them excellent in their way, were under the disadvantage that argument on the subject had already been exhausted and that the only matter of interest remaining was the proclamation of the Premier's intentions. The defeat of the amendment was a foregone conclusion, on which nobody had any doubts, and for all practical purposes Mr. Disraeli might as well have risen at five instead of half-past ten and excused the House from the penance of a prolonged sitting till four o'clock in the morning. About ten o'clock the House, which had before been very sparsely occupied, began to fill. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were among the peers at the bar; the Duc d'Aumale, Prince Arthur, Prince Christian, and Prince Teck had seats in the gallery, the Princesses Christian and Louise being in the ladies' cage opposite.—The House then adjourned for the holidays.

"ONE WHO OUGHT TO KNOW."

The following explanation of the nature, causes, and ultimate issue of a great movement may be deemed fanciful and impertinent by sensible men, but no one can deny its simplicity; and that quality may be enough to commend it to the taste and faculties of those for whom it was originally constructed. In a late number of the *Standard* a person calling himself "One Who Ought to Know" writes to say that, having been connected with the Ultramontane body for several years, and being acquainted with many of their secrets, he feels it his duty, now that Mr. Gladstone is about to attack the Church of England, to let his followers know that when he went to Rome he made arrangements with his Holiness the Pope to destroy the Irish Church and ultimately to make the Catholic Church the State Church of Ireland. In explanation of this extraordinary conduct we are told that Mr. Gladstone "is himself a Catholic at heart," and in proof of this assertion we are assured that "all his nearest and dearest friends are of that persuasion," and also that the writer thinks somebody else knows that the recent announcement of a distinguished convert belonging to the Catholic Church had reference to Mr. Gladstone alone. In conclusion the writer proposes that Mr. Gladstone should be asked in the House of Commons if he can deny the truth of all this rubbish. Such are the opinions of "One Who Ought to Know," though he doesn't, and they are sufficient, at least, to make people reflect on the enormous amount of stupidity necessary for a full display of impudence in its native simplicity.

CALVIN BLANCHARD.

CALVIN BLANCHARD, a man who was a bookseller in New York for thirty-five years, during which time he circulated more "free-thinking" literature than any one man in the United States, was so long denounced by pulpits as "Anti-Christ" that he was popularly known by that appellation. He recently died at the age of sixty, and left a letter which he desired should be printed, in which he states his creed. The conclusion of it is as follows:—"I believe in Nature, omnipotent, self-acting, self-developing, self-progressive, to All-Sufficiency. Nature's highest organ is Mankind—the great continuous Being who will never die. Nature's highest function is being (and has been ever since the advent of Mankind) manifested in Science and Art. The Science of Sciences and Art of Arts—the crowning triumph of Nature through Art—will be the organisation of the whole world, including it and all its human inhabitants, in one Joint Stock (not common stock) Corporation that will guarantee perfect happiness to every human being who shall then exist, or thenceforth come into existence. Rulers in Church and State, until you shape your course according to the above creed and politics, Government will continue to be what it always has been, a triumphant brigandage, varied by monarchy and sham freedom. You must begin by devoting the stupendous amount of money you sacrifice to war and its causes to physically situating the whole people, even from their basking, in accordance with their nature.—CALVIN BLANCHARD, Positivist, but most falsely and libellously called a skeptic and an infidel."

THE FUNERAL OF DANIEL MANIN.

The Italian and French papers contain long accounts of the funeral of Daniel Manin, which has just taken place at Venice. The ceremony extended over three days. On the first day the coffin, placed up in a gondola hung with black and illuminated with torches, left Mestre and entered Venice towards evening, followed by the coffin of Manin's wife and daughter, and by hundreds of other gondolas, also hung with black and lighted up. This strangely picturesque funeral procession was four hours reaching its destination, the church of San Zaccaria, where the coffins were deposited for the night. The next day Manin's remains were placed upon the Piazza of St. Mark, and addresses were delivered there by French and Italian speakers. The coffin was afterwards removed to the church of St. Mark, and all the rest of the day and during the whole of the night the people passed in one continuous stream through the building to look upon the funeral display. The following day the coffin of Manin's wife and daughter were also placed in St. Mark's, and the religious ceremony then took place. M. Tisser, of the *Siecle*, says it was so impressive that the old friends of the dictator who were gathered round his tomb wept as though death had occurred only the day before. George Manin, the son of Daniel Manin, was conspicuous among the mourners. Twelve hundred deputations from all parts of Italy attended the ceremony. The whole of the arrangements are said to have been admirable, but the *Florence Nazionale* complains that two of the Italian speakers attacked with much violence the Emperor Napoleon, the Pope, the priests, and even the Emperor Maximilian.

THE LATE EARL OF CARDIGAN.—The following is the disposition, made by will, of the property of the late Earl of Cardigan:—Legacies of £5,000 to Viscount Curzon, M.P., and to Captain the Hon. John Vivian, M.P., his executors; £5,000 to the Earl of Westmoreland; £10,000 to Miss Clement; £7,000 to Mr. Hubert de Burgh; £100 a year to Mrs. Hubert de Burgh; £200 a year to Mr. Marcus Bageford; and £100 a year each to his late valet, butler, coachman, and gardener. These dispositions made, all Lord Cardigan's property is left absolutely to Lady Cardigan during her life, except the house in London and the yachting villa at Cowes, and at her death to Robert, the fourth son of Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P., now in the navy, and stationed at Jamaica. But at Lady Cardigan's death the property is to be placed in the hands of trustees for 21 years, in order to free it of debt, before it is handed over to Mr. Bruce and his heirs male. In default of issue the property is to go to whomsoever may be Earl of Cardigan, which must be the Marquis of Ailesbury of the day, the former title being merged in the latter.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

The meeting of the Convocation of Canterbury on Tuesday, the 28th inst., will be only *pro forma*.

The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., and Mrs. Disraeli left town on Monday on a visit to Her Majesty at Windsor Castle. The funeral of the Earl of Cardigan took place on Monday at Deane Church, Northamptonshire. It was a walking funeral, and a great number of the late earl's tenants and neighbours were present at the mournful ceremony.

We regret to learn that Sir John Pakington is suffering from indisposition. The malady, however, is not severe, and it is hoped that the right hon. baronet will shortly be enabled to resume his official duties.

The Earl of Ellesmere attained his majority on Sunday. No festivities will be held until he returns from his tour in the East; but, in honour of the event, the men employed on the Bridgewater estate have received a gratuity of one day's pay, and the coal miners 4s. each.

The Bishop of Winchester has issued a commission to Archdeacons Ufferton and Jacob to conduct the ecclesiastical work of his diocese. Dr. Gull, who has been in attendance on his lordship, expresses a hope that the bishop will completely recover in the course of a few months if he abstains altogether from business.

MR. VERNON HARCOURT'S award in respect to the action brought against Lord Willoughby d'Eresby by the Countess d'Alleyrac, is announced. The arbitrator directs £6,000 to be paid to the plaintiff, and £1,200 a year to be secured to her for life.

The Bishop of Lichfield on Friday attended the opening of an iron church for a colliery district in his diocese, and finding the highly respectable congregation before him had been admitted by ticket, and the colliers excluded, his lordship, instead of ascending the pulpit on leaving the chancel of the church, proceeded to the outer porch and preached to the multitude of pitmen and others there assembled, in the open air.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* understands that Major-General George W. Key will have the cavalry colonelcy vacant by the death of Lord Cardigan. It is not improbable that Lord George Paget will be transferred from his present regiment, the 7th Dragoon Guards, to the 11th Hussars, General Key becoming colonel of the 7th. The idea of appointing Prince Christian of Sleswick-Holstein Colonel of "Prince Albert's Own Hussars" was never entertained for a moment.

THE *Sporting Gazette* hears great complaints of a scarcity of foxes in Lincolnshire.—The Quorn will finish the season on Monday next.—It is hoped that the difficulty which recently arose, in consequence of the Committee of Tattersall's declining to adjudicate upon steeplechase bets, will be removed by the former tribunal consenting to endorse any decisions of the Grand National Hunt Committee on the subject, and to enforce the settlement of all claims, so far as their power extends over members of the subscription-room.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princess Albert Victor and George, and the Princess Louise, attended by Sir W. Knollys, the Hon. Mrs. W. Grey, Major Grey, and Mr. Holman, left Marlborough House shortly after two o'clock on Monday, and proceeded to Bishopsgate Station, from whence they started by special train at a quarter to three for Sandringham, arriving at Wolferton at half-past five, and Sandringham shortly before six. Their Royal Highnesses will return to town probably on Tuesday, prior to their visit to Ireland.

SOME ONE writing in "Notes and Queries" says—I have heard or read an anecdote which Earl St. Vincent's reverence for the quarter-deck reminded me of. Lord Cornwallis went out to India as Governor-General in the ship of his brother, Admiral Cornwallis. One sultry day the admiral coming up from his cabin, caught sight of his brother lounging on a chair in his dressing-gown. After chafing some time under this, and not liking to come into collision with the Governor-General, he turned gruffly to his first lieutenant and said, "Go and tell that land lubber to get up from His Majesty's quarter-deck."

ON Saturday afternoon a great meeting of the Conservatives of the eastern division of the county of Kent was held in the Music Hall, Canterbury, under the presidency of the Hon. G. W. Miles, chairman of the Central Conservative Committee, for the purpose of hearing an address from the Conservative candidate, Mr. F. L. Pemberton. The hall was crowded, and there were on the platform besides the chairman, Sir Brooke Bridges, M.P., Mr. Hardy, of Chilham Castle, Mr. Plumpton, of Freville, Colonel Daedes, Sir Courtenay Honeywood, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Captain Lambert, and a large turn-out of the leading Conservatives in the district.

DOUBLE EXECUTION AT MANCHESTER.

MILES WEATHERILL was hanged on Saturday morning at eight o'clock in front of the New Bailey, at Salford, and the excitement produced by the extraordinary atrocity of his crimes, added to the fact that the execution was not a single one, the man Faherty, who was convicted of the Droylsden murder, having to be hanged at the same time, brought together an immense crowd of spectators. Weatherill had, up to Friday, persisted in the hardened behaviour which he had manifested all along, and distinctly told the chaplain that he would make no preparation to die till he had seen his sweetheart Sarah Bell. He had had several interviews with his mother; and on each occasion he arrogantly demanded a last interview with "his Sarah." His desire to see her once more became so powerful that Mrs. Weatherill resolved to go to York and bring Sarah Bell back with her; but on Wednesday an arrangement was made that the girl should come to Manchester, and that she, Mrs. Weatherill, and the convict's sister, should take their farewell of him together. On Thursday the three went to the gall, and were admitted to the condemned cell, where Weatherill was eagerly expecting them. Sarah Bell was very much affected, and the scene was one of the saddest that the angle of the condemned cell can furnish. Weatherill complained to his mother, who asked why he had not used the writing paper and stamps which she had supplied him in communicating with his friends, that he had not been allowed the use of pen and ink, and that some of his letters had been suppressed. The fact is, that every usual indulgence has been allowed the convict in this respect; and it is stated by one of the local papers that if all his letters have not been forwarded, it is because their contents were not only most extraordinary, but so positively shocking that it was not deemed proper to let his friends see them. The parting interview was prolonged for a considerable time, and the two women then left the gall, proceeded to the railway station, and took the first available train, Sarah Bell returning to York, and Mrs. Weatherill and her daughter to Todmorden.

Faherty was the first to appear on the scaffold, and walking to the front he gazed earnestly right and left on the crowd. He then looked upwards, and the rope being adjusted, Weatherill came forward with his prayer-book in his hand, and his lips moved as if in prayer. Both men looked exceedingly pale. The gall chaplain was in attendance on Weatherill, and the Roman Catholic priest on Faherty. The preparations having been completed the drop fell, and the ghastly tragedy ended. Both men struggled. Weatherill's head moving repeatedly with convulsive jerks. It is said to be the opinion of Calcraft that Weatherill behaved with the greatest fortitude he had ever witnessed. Calcraft received a letter during Friday night, saying he would be shot at eight the next morning, a hundred Fenians being ready with revolvers to "bang off" at him. The chaplain reports Weatherill to have become thoroughly contrite at last.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

At the Manchester Sessions, on Saturday, John Howarth, who for many years past has kept a provision shop in that city, was tried upon a charge of having received post-stamps from an errand-boy of Mr. Edwin Slater, of St. Ann's-square, knowing them to have been stolen. The boy, it will be remembered, destroyed letters with which he was entrusted to post, and took the stamps to Howarth, who was in the habit of receiving them as cash, and obtained cakes for them. Howarth was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

MR. ISAAC M. GRESLEY died on Saturday at his residence in Grove-terrace, Great Horton-road, Bradford, at the age of 62 years. Mr. Gresley who had been well known as a commercial traveller for 30 or 40 years, was the plaintiff in an action tried at the Leeds Assizes on Saturday week against the Midland Railway Company for the recovery of damages for injuries sustained in an accident on the company's line at Methley, near Leeds, in April, 1867, and obtained a verdict for £1,500 damages. He died of the injuries sustained.

We understand that the inauguration ceremony of the Leeds Fine Art Exhibition, at which both the Prince and Princess of Wales will "assist," will be one of the grandest and most imposing of any which has yet taken place in this country. In addition to Mr. Charles Hallé's full band, there are to be about 500 of the finest Yorkshire choristers engaged, whose singing will be a great feature of the opening. This is nearly double the number of chorists singers yet heard together in Leeds; and as the county is noted for vocalists of this class, no doubt considerable interest will be felt to hear such a large body of Yorkshire voices.

At the Judges Chambers, an application was made to Mr. Justice Willes in the case of "Phillips v. General Eyre," on the part of the defendant, to amend one of his pleas in reference to the Jamaica rebellion. Mr. Petherham, instructed by Mr. Rose, appeared as counsel in support of the application; Mr. Horne Payne, instructed by Mr. Shaen, appeared for the plaintiff. The action was brought in the Queen's Bench by a native, for false imprisonment, &c. The object of the application was to amend the second plea, as to an act passed under which the defendant alleged he had acted in the suppression of the rebellion. Counsel discussed the matter on the point raised. His Lordship granted permission to the defendant to amend his plea, and an order was accordingly drawn up for that purpose. The cause is progressing towards a hearing.

ANOTHER LADY COMMITTED FOR ILL-TREATING HER SERVANT.

MRS. EMMA STROUD, 40, a widow of independent means, residing at Chester-place, Kennington-road, was finally examined before Mr. Woolrych for having unlawfully assaulted and beaten Mary Ann Rice.—Mr. Neale appeared for the complainant; and Mr. Starling, barrister, instructed by Mr. Woodhams, for the defendant.

The complainant stated in her evidence that she entered the service of defendant on the 11th February, and left it on the 9th March. During this period she was assaulted by defendant several times. On one occasion she struck her with a writing-desk, on another forced her out of a room down stairs and kicked her. On the day of her leaving, defendant called her into the dining-room and said, "You bull's-eye bitch, look at this table," meaning there were some crumbs on it. Defendant struck her on the same day by slapping her face, because one of the curtains was out of order. She had complained to a police-constable of the treatment she had received, and showed him some bruises on her face and arms. On the day of leaving defendant attempted again to strike her, but was prevented. She likewise said she would stop 5s. from her wages for breaking her neck chain. Later in the day complainant's father went to defendant and accused her of ill-treating her, when the defendant said "Oh, she's a wretch." She had never been impudent to defendant, and previous to that had been in two situations, in one some five years, receiving a very good character. The bruises on her arms and other parts of her body were the result of defendant's assaults, some done with a broom and others by a kick. For these injuries she had been attended at St. Thomas's Hospital since leaving defendant.

Lavinia Seymour, living in New-street, Piccadilly, said she had known the complainant for some years. On the 10th of March she saw her. There was then a bruise over one of her eyes, and bruises on her arms, legs, and the lower part of her stomach. She then seemed very unwell, and said her mistress had caused the injuries.

Sergeant Aldridge, 19 L, said he was spoken to by the complainant on the 9th of March, while he was on duty at Kennington-cross. She was then leaning on the arm of her father, and appeared to be very ill. He then saw bruises on her forehead and right arm, and she said they had been caused by the violence of her mistress.

Mr. Clement Dukes, house surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital said the complainant was an out-patient since the 12th March. On examination he found she had sustained some injury on the left side. There were no external marks, but the parts were very sensitively painful, and she said it was caused by a blow from her mistress. She was looking very unwell, and she added that she had got several other bruises about her body from the same cause. He found the remains of a black eye. On the right forearm there was a large bruise, some four inches by three inches, no doubt bruising all the muscles. Such an injury must have been caused by violence, by an implement of some sort, but he should say not by the hand. He found also a bruise on the left forearm which must have been done by separate blows. On the lower part of the abdomen there was a large bruise and swelling, which might have been caused by a kick, but he believed it was from direct violence.

Mr. Starling, for the defendant, denied the charge, and called several witnesses, amongst whom were Mrs. Doughty, daughter of defendant, who said she had seen complainant on one occasion pinching one of her arms so as to make it bruised. She denied that any assault had ever taken place, and described the conduct of complainant as most impertinent while in her mother's service.

In answer to the magistrate, the witness said she had not seen the complainant pinch but one arm, and no other part of her body. She believed the injury to her stomach might have been caused by a fall she had in the passage some short time ago.

In cross-examination by Mr. Neale, the witness admitted that since the adjournment of the case she and the defendant had gone to St. Thomas's Hospital and inquired of Mr. Dukes about the bruises.

Mr. Dukes here asked that he informed defendant and her daughter that the bruises could not have been caused by the complainant pinching herself.

Mrs. Wrench, a charwoman in the service of defendant, one of her tenants, and her son, were called, and gave evidence with regard to the complainant's general conduct, which they described as very bad.

The magistrate, after hearing some remarks from Mr. Starling, fully committed the defendant to take her trial at the Surrey Sessions, consenting to take two sureties in £30 each for her appearance.

METROPOLITAN.

On Saturday evening a gentleman named William Trebble, of Rupert's-gardens, Kensington, was riding through Hyde-park, when his horse slipped and pitched him on his head. He was picked up insensible, and conveyed to St. George's Hospital, where the house-surgeon pronounced life to be quite extinct.

LONDON was visited on Saturday morning by the heaviest fog which has prevailed since the memorable one of the 26th of December. In the central parts of the town for two hours the darkness was extraordinary, and the street traffic was seriously impeded. In the suburbs the sun shone with unusual brilliancy the whole morning.

The details of the country and metropolitan corps of Volunteers who are to take part in the review at Portsmouth has been issued by the War Office. It appears that the country corps will number 15,999 men, and those of the metropolis 15,904; and these, with the 3,000 or 4,000 regulars expected to take part in the review, will furnish the largest muster hitherto attained on these occasions.

On Saturday a boat containing two young men and a girl was swamped on the Middlesex side of the river, near Barnes-bridge, in the swell occasioned by several steamers passing at once upon the stream. A well-known lord vicar, M.A. of Christ Church, showed great spirit and readiness in saving the girl, at considerable risk to himself. One of the men clung to the girl and was saved with her, and the other also got to shore.

At the Central Criminal Court, Mr. Briarley, a barrister, who was committed for contempt of court, in that he uttered threats and abusive words to the grand jury on their throwing out a bill preferred by the learned gentleman against a policeman for assault, was brought up, and having apologised was released.—The grand jury have ignored the bill against Sarah Brittain for attempting to murder her husband by cutting his throat.

The Fenian recruiter, Peter Mohan, was again brought up on remand before Sir Thomas Henry, and considerable evidence was given which strongly supports the charge. Mr. Poland then applied for another remand, the object apparently being to defer the commitment of the prisoner until after the discharge of the grand jury at the Central Criminal Court, so that the trial may not come on this session.

MARGARET WALSH, the assistant teacher at an infant school, who stands charged with an assault on a child three years of age, by scalding its legs in a laundry copper of boiling clothes, was again brought before the magistrate at the Westminster Police-court. Mr. Arnold, while acquitting the prisoner of any intention to do bodily harm to the child, felt bound to send the case to a jury, and committed the prisoner for trial.

On Monday, according to ancient custom, the annual distribution of Her Majesty's bounty took place at the Almonry Office, Middle-yard, Whitehall, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Oxford, Lord High Almoner, the Rev. R. W. Jeff, sub-almoner, Mr. Cunby, and Mr. Lingard. The recipients are aged from 60 to 70 years, and are principally blind and lame. Nearly 100 people received it, and returned home expressing their hearty wishes for the long life and health of the Queen.

An inquest has been concluded on the body of Lieutenant Bullock, R.N., a son of Admiral Bullock, who was taken into the St. London Hospital suffering from a fracture of the skull, and died in two hours. It appeared that the deceased had been drinking from public-house to public-house during a whole day, and at last being in an intoxicated condition, was knocked down in a gutter by a man named Brooks, and thereby received the injury which he died. The jury returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against Brooks, who was committed for trial.

At the Board of Works, the tenders were opened for paving the footways, fencing, &c., on the Thames Embankment, between Westminster-bridge and the Temple. There was a great difference between the highest and the lowest, a circumstance, in a larger or less degree, by no means unusual under the system of "tendering," but one which political economists have not yet been able satisfactorily to explain. As in this case, the inequality was as much as 4,115l., the Board, after two divisions, accepted the lowest, that of Messrs. James Knight and Son. It is to be hoped the work will be performed better than that of the footways on Westminster-bridge, which, as every pedestrian discovers who crosses over it in a heavy shower of rain, has scarcely two sets together at the same level.

The Central Criminal Court commenced its April session on Monday, with every prospect of the business being unusually prolonged. The calendar is very heavy, not only in the number of cases, but in the seriousness of the offences, there being no fewer than three cases of wilful murder—that arising out of the Clerkenwell outrage, that of Woolcot for drowning his son, and that of Bishop for stabbing the potman at Forest-hill on Friday.

At the meeting of members of the United Mercantile Agency, called to discuss certain clauses in Regulation of Railways Bill. Mr. Robert Slater (Fore-street Warehouse Company, Limited) in the chair, the subject was warmly discussed for fully an hour. Messrs. Slater, Howell, Leaf, Buchanan, Morley, Hughes, Greatorex, Candy, and several other gentlemen took part in the discussion, and, after hearing remarks by Mr. Dalton, solicitor, who had already waited on Lord Redesdale in reference to the subject, the following resolution was agreed to:—"Resolved, that a committee be appointed with power to take such steps as may be necessary, with a view to give the best consideration, and, if required, the most strenuous opposition, to the 15th clause of the Regulation of Railways Bill, now before Parliament. The committee to consist of Messrs. Samuel Morley, Slater, Greatorex, Alcroft, Hughes, Buckingham, and Howse."—Moved by Mr. Charles Candy, seconded by Mr. McIntyre.

The following singular letter has been addressed to a contemporary:—Sir,—I take the liberty of writing to inform you, if I will allow this small space in your valuable Paper as a caution to Poor Tramps I was taken for begging on the 20th march to the bathhouse in John edgeware Road and locked up there all night when I had been there 2 or 3 hours they put a Boy in the room with me but he had not been there many minutes before the Culls out Police and tells them that I Threatning him and looking him about and I never said nothing to him or Touched him and then the Police Came in and knocked me about Rite and then I was taken Before the Magistrate the next morning and Remanded for 7 Days to the House of Detention and next morning I ask to see the Doctor with a bad leg and he said it was nothing so I did not trouble him any more and I was very bad in my limbs, but I never Trouble him any more after the 1st time and I ask the Governor every morning and I only Complain to him once about my Limbs been Tore at the wash and he said I must have a excellent thread and mend it but I never had it though I took them in with me but when I was Discharged on the Saturday they would not give me my things that I took in with me that is soap and a thread Handkerchief and scarf they offered me 2 old shirts worth about 1 Penny each for my was worth a 1 shilling at least which I Refus-d I dont know whether the Magistrate send people there to be robbed or not I went to the Home office the same morning I Came out and a police tell me to go to the magistrate and I was sent from that is Marylebone. I went there and see the Clerk and the Clerk told me to go to Clerkenwell Police Court I went out of there Disrict at Clerkenwell they told me to go to the God and see the Governor and I saw him outside the Gaol and he said I must Come inside and speak to him but the man at the gate would not let me in and I was there between 12 & 3 a Trying to get in for my things and I was going in with the Governor and I was near get busted through it by the Gate so no more at Present.

J. West, a Poor Tramp.

PROVINCIAL.

On Monday night a body of armed men entered the residence of Mr. Bellingham Swan, Cove-street, Cork, demanding pistols, and threatening to shoot the inmates. While they were searching the premises, Miss Swan called the police from an upper window, which caused the thieves to decamp. Subsequently, the house was assailed by a mob, which was only driven off by the arrival of the constabulary.

The house of Thomas Lynch, a farmer, at Ballinamought, two miles from Cork, was attacked at two o'clock on Monday morning, by a body of insurgents, demanding arms. They fired two shots into the house, and tried to force the doors. Lynch unnoticed made a passage through the roof on to the slates, and acquainted the constabulary, who returned quickly, but the party had gone. Two bullets were found in the kitchen.

On Thursday the melancholy spectacle of the execution of a woman took place at Maidstone. The culprit was convicted at the recent assizes for the murder of her step-daughter, aged 13, by drowning. The immorality and ignorance of both husband and wife were, even for these days of crimes and horrors, quite startling. The culprit exhibited much penitence, and met her fate with resignation and fortitude.

A DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION, in which the damages are estimated at 70,000l., took place at Bolton, in Lancashire. The extensive cotton-spinning mills of Messrs. Arrowsmith were discovered to be on fire at about three o'clock, when all the operations were in full swing, and in an incredibly short space of time the whole were reduced to ashes. No loss of life is reported. The premises were insured.

Two more shocking murders are reported. A labourer named Mallon, at Liverpool, strangled his child, three years old, with his hands. The poor boy slept with his father and mother, and the shocking deed was committed about three o'clock on Friday morning. The mother, on becoming aware of what had occurred, raised an alarm, and the neighbours rushed in. The wretched man afterwards attempted to cut his throat, but the knife was not sharp enough. He said "the devil bade him do it." The prisoner is said to be suffering from "mental weakness, the result of intemperance."—In the second case, an old man named Close has been killed by blows from a poker, inflicted by a woman with whom he lived, near Darlington.

On Saturday, Emma Davey, aged 13, a spinner at the Atlas Mills, Longhoile-lane, Bradford, with her sister and some other girls got on to the hoist, to ascend to the third story of the mill, and the deceased was following, when the hoist began to descend. She was caught between the stone steps and the framework of Arrived there, the hoist was stopped, the other girls stepped out, the hoist, and crushed about the chest. Immediately on being taken home she expired. The girls were using the hoist contrary to express orders, and to save themselves the trouble of ascending the staircase, the proper road for them to take in order to reach their work. Any of the hands found in the hoist rendered themselves liable to instant dismissal, but the passion for riding in the "sack-tickle," as it is termed by the workpeople, is so strong that the most stringent orders will not keep them out—young and old alike—although accidents frequently happen. Why the hoist began to descend before the girls had all stepped out is not quite clear, but the apparatus is in good order, and the cause of this unfortunate occurrence will be fully investigated at the inquest on the body.

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. JAMES LINDSAY having represented to the metropolitan volunteer commanding officers that it would be impossible to have a march past on Southsea-common and a review on Portsmouth-hill on Easter Monday without running a risk of not getting the various corps back at night, a deputation of the officers, including Lord Eliche, Lord Barry, the Hon. Chas. Lindsay, Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd Lindsay, V.C., Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Hughes, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomson attended at the War Office and had a long consultation with General Lindsay on the subject. The Mayor of Portsmouth and a deputation from the local arrangements committee also attended, and it was ultimately resolved that it is desirable to dispense with the proposed evolutions on Portsmouth-hill, and that the manoeuvres shall be confined to a march past on Southsea-common, with a few simple movements on the neighbouring beach and on the opposite shore near Gosport. A very general wish was expressed that, to make up in some measure for the disappointment occasioned by the abandonment of the sham fight, an influential deputation should wait on Her Majesty and ask her to witness the march past.

So far as the railway authorities are concerned, the programme of arrangements for the Portsmouth Volunteer Review has been issued. The metropolitan corps will leave either by London and South Western route from Waterloo and Kensington, or by the London, Brighton, and South Coast route from Victoria and London-bridge. The first train down is from Waterloo at 1 p.m. on Thursday, April 9. The fares are to be 3s. for officers, and 1s. 6d. for men, and the tickets will be available from last Thursday (the 9th) to Tuesday the 14th. This arrangement is not as satisfactory as that of last year. The officers' tickets are twice as dear, and all the volunteer tickets are only available till the Tuesday; whereas last year they were available till the Wednesday in Easter week. This is a serious consideration, for all the arrangements of the Portsmouth people and of the volunteers have been based on the supposition that Wednesday would be the last day. On Tuesday night the grand ball is to take place, and the prizes won at Gosport are to be distributed, and, moreover, most of the apartments have been taken and paid for till the Wednesday.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Colonel Warde, from the War Office, met the Mayor of Portsmouth and committee on Tuesday afternoon. The Mayor had told the council assembled in the Guildhall that the original review programme will be adhered to subject to certain conditions. There was general rejoicing in the town.

Colonel Warde, who was entrusted with the written conditions from Major-General Lindsay to be submitted to the Mayor and Review Committee at Portsmouth, returned to town at noon on Wednesday. His report to the authorities at the War Office is of the most favourable description—setting forth the cordial manner in which he was received by the Mayor, and the ready compliance with the terms contained in the document referred to. The original plan proposed by the heads of the volunteer army is to be adhered to—the Mayor having undertaken to afford "military occupation" and to erect a bridge for the sole use of the public during the day. Major-Gen. Lindsay, Col. Warde, Col. Wright, Col. Colville, and other heads of the volunteer department, met at the War Office in the afternoon, and among other arrangements it was decided that the western corps were to alight at Fareham, the south-eastern corps at Havant or C-sham, and the London corps at Portsmouth, from whence the latter are to march to Southsea-common, and finally to the Hilesea lines. It has also been guaranteed that ample provisions shall be provided for the volunteer forces; and there is no doubt that the sham fight, as originally intended, will prove as attractive as was anticipated. After the receipt of Colonel Warde's report a telegram was despatched to Portsmouth from the War Office expressive of General Lindsay's satisfaction with the arrangements.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

A TELEGRAM from Madrid announces that Marshal Narvaez, the Prime Minister of Spain, who for some days has been seriously ill, is now convalescent.

The Copenhagen Landsting has adopted the law relative to the construction of a railway, 40 miles in extent, in Jutland. The total cost is estimated at 8,000,000 francs.

JUDGE JOEL PARKER, who has so long presided over the Law School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, having resigned on account of physical infirmities, the place has been offered to Judge Holmes, of the Supreme Court of Missouri, who has accepted it.

The Florence commission of the Senate appointed to report on the charge brought by the Deputy Nicotera against Senator Gualterio, formerly Home Minister, has come to the conclusion that the charge ought to be dismissed.

ADVICES from the East say that a numerous body of pilgrims, who arrive annually at Jerusalem, are announced to have reached that city, to be present at the ceremonies of the Holy Week and the Easter fête. The works connected with the cupola are in a forward state, and the architects are of opinion that in the course of three months it will be entirely finished. The restoration originated with the Empress.

The village of Valbella-Superiore, in the Milanese, was a few days back entirely destroyed by fire. An old woman, a young girl, and 29 head of cattle perished in the flames. Six hundred and forty persons have been reduced to destitution by this catastrophe.

The opponents of capital punishment will be gratified by a resolution that has just been adopted by the Second Chamber of the Saxon Diet, that for the future the punishment of death shall be abolished in Saxony.

The news comes through the Atlantic cable that the Democratic party has carried the elections in Connecticut by an increased majority. This proof of the increasing power of its opponents will make the Radicals more eager to push on the impeachment trial and oust Mr. Johnson from the Presidential chair.

A TELEGRAM from Canada announces the assassination at Ottawa of Mr. D'Arcy M'Gee, one of those few Irishmen across the Atlantic whose constant aim has been to uphold the sovereignty of the mother country. No cause is assigned for the crime, but it is to be feared that the motive was a political one.

The new Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation, which Congress has sent to the President for his signature, allows the Secretary of State only 60,000 dollars for contingent expenses of foreign intercourse and missions, that being only half of what was allowed last year, and less than half of Mr. Seward's estimate.

The *Messenger* of Cronstadt gives some details of the improvements which are being introduced into the Russian artillery. The vessels are already armed with eight-inch breech loaders, and 15-inch smooth-bore guns. A successful trial has been made with a nine-inch piece made by M. Krupp; 700 shots were fired without the cannon being at all damaged. For the maritime fortresses, a brass gun of 11-inch bore, and to weigh 845 pounds (34 lb. each) has been projected. Trials are being made of eight-inch iron guns with steel hoops.

The negotiations relative to the North-Schleswig question stand thus. Prussia provisionally demands that the demarcation line should be drawn from Haderleben to the bay of Gjerren. She also asks, as a guarantee of the settlement of the question of the nationalities to the north of that line, the re-establishment of the state of things previous to the patent of King Christian, published in 1856. Denmark has not accepted that proposal, and, without defining a precise frontier line, has asked that the vote of the populations, according to the principle of nationalities, should take place in the district of Northern Schleswig. The *Kreuz Zeitung* states that the consulates general at Warsaw will not be suppressed in consequence of the incorporation of Poland with Russia.

The *Eco d'Italia*, an Italian journal published at New York, has the following singular story:—"The celebrated actress, Mmes. Ristori, was lately performing at Havana. In one of her pieces she had to play the part of Sister Theresa, an eminently moral character, but which produced on the stage a person belonging to a religious order. The Bishop of the diocese made a complaint to General Lersond, Governor of Cuba, on the subject, but the latter paid no attention, and did not interdict the play, as the prelate requested. His Grace then ordered all the curés not to allow the bells to be rung on the arrival of the governor. According to the above named journal the latter responded by the immediate arrest of the bishop, whom he sent home to Spain on board a war vessel." A Madrid letter in the *Independence Belge* in speaking of the incident affirms that the Spanish Government has fully approved of General Lersond's conduct.

A CORRESPONDENT at Pernambuco writing, March 14, says:—"Good news has arrived at last, and we are well high tired of looking for it. By the arrival of the steaming mail steamer on the 7th instant we learnt that six vessels of the Brazilian fleet had forced the passage by Humaita, and, after having bombarded some small forts, and taken prisoners, ammunition, &c., were proceeding up the river to Asuncion. You will doubtless have had full particulars direct from the seat of war, but which we have not yet received, the news having only reached Rio Janeiro three hours before the departure of the steamer for the northern ports. When the mail boat was sighted making for the port bedecked with flags it caused a great sensation in town, and long before her news was known on shore the bells were ringing, flags flying, and rockets being let off in all directions, so sure was every one that she brought favourable advices from the seat of war. The day soon resolved into a general holiday, the Custom House closing immediately, and the merchants and shopkeepers following suit. Great, no doubt, was the consumption of fireworks on Saturday and Sunday, for the Brazilians are delightfully indifferent as to whether it is day or night whenever they have an opportunity of indulging their liking for a fix and a bang, and keep only their grand pyrotechnic displays, which are often very good, for a time when darkness can add to the effect."

A CORRESPONDENT at Washington, says a glorious day of blue and gold was March 23. One thought it a violation of dramatic properties that upon such a day should have fallen the performance of the second act of our gloomy play of Impatchment. Everywhere an enlivening sunlight made its radiant presence felt. Even the normally villainous red mud of the streets caught a charming gilding. Even Sambo's ugly face 'was not without its temporary attractions. Sambo, for whose "benefit" we so vilely quarrel, was everywhere, save within the sacred precincts of the Senate Chamber. His rage fluttered at every street corner; his hoofs swished up and down in every gutter; his loud "Ya Ya" was wafted skyward from every square of this architecturally absurd capital. Though lingering winter coldness somewhat chilled his tropical blood, and sent his huge paws to his hams and thighs for warmth, he was a deeply-interested observer of such outward scenes and incidents as seemed to indicate the presence of a great event. For the Washington Sambo has imbibed the notion that the result of the work now proceeding is to be—the presentation, by Congress, of a wagon, mule, and 40 acres of land to himself. In his opinion, the business of Congress is to remove the person who unlawfully stands in the way to the acquirement of these treasures. These are the substantial proofs of sufficiency for which blood has been spilled and money spent. "Andy Jossom is a keepin' um fum de freedom, and thass way Andy Jossom's going t' be peached." And, after all, Sambo's explanation of affairs is quite as intelligible as any that a Republican Congressman can give. In fact, it is substantially the same. Mr. Johnson is an "obstacle," therefore he must be removed.

THE NEW YORK "STEAM MAN."

The principle of the New York "steam man," lately described in the *Times* as intended "to walk or run" on legs, "having a motion similar to that of the human extremities," seems to have been anticipated in an English patent of the year 1813. The subject of this invention is registered as a "method and machinery for drawing or propelling carriages on roads or railways by means of certain levers or legs acting alternately or conjointly upon such roads," &c. The patentee had also conceived the idea of sometimes giving broader feet to his machine in order to tread the loose ground at the bottom of a canal, through which a boat or barge might have been moved by it; as also of making its "extremities" act like hands to pull a carriage or boat forwards by means of a rope or chain secured by one end at the station to be reached. The head, hat, &c., of the "steam man" are matters of ornamentation, or uglification, as the case may be, the "true and first invention" of which the American machinist may still deserve to be credited with. But the machine of 1813 was probably designed as a general substitute for locomotive engines, when for want of experience it was still questioned whether the rotation of the wheels would impart to them sufficient propulsive power.

MEN OF SCIENCE.

A CORRESPONDENCE has appeared in the *Times* between Mr. Panizzi, Professor Owen, and Mr. Gregory, M.P. The first named gentleman, under the impression that Mr. Gregory had accused him, on the authority of Professor Owen, of "having never neglected any opportunity of expressing his contempt for men of science," quoted several passages in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons on the affairs of the British Museum to prove the contrary. Professor Owen writes to disclaim most positively having ever made any such assertion as that attri-

SCORPION EATERS IN ALGIERS.

AFTER a long walk through the old town of Algiers, we were shown into a Moorish house, in the quadrangle of which open to the sky were a quantity of Arabs seated on the floor in the centre, singing, as is their nature, a most monotonous chant to the accompaniment of a big drum. In a balcony above and looking down into the court were the Moorish women, most of them entirely veiled, with the exception of their lustrous black eyes, which flashed into unusual brilliancy in the light of the numerous flambeaux with which the court was illumined. The effect was remarkable and not easily to be forgotten. The faces of the Arabs, some of them magnificent-looking men and excited by the music, the lights, the delicately carved marble pilasters supporting the gallery, and over all the star-studded dark blue sky, forming an impressive contrast to the noise and tumult beneath, made an extraordinary picture, which no canvas could accurately convey to the mind. Presently with a howl like a wild beast, a man rushed forward, and standing over a pot of incense, commenced to sway his body in unison with the music. Gradually to all appearance becoming more and more excited, he at last rushed at one of his companions and seizing about half a window-pane of glass from him, proceeded to eat it with great relish, crunching it between his teeth, and evidently swallowing the whole. Then another rushed forward gesticulating furiously and insisted on swallowing a dozen good-sized pebbles. But perhaps the most extraordinary performance was that of a man who held, for nearly a minute between his teeth, a bar of red-hot iron—so hot that one felt its heat at a considerable distance. He afterwards cooled his mouth by eating some prickly cactus, which as it grows out into pins and needles of approved pattern, must be a very delicious food. Another Arab, after allowing a scorpion to hang by its tail to his hand and face, ate it distinctly and positively, and appeared

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

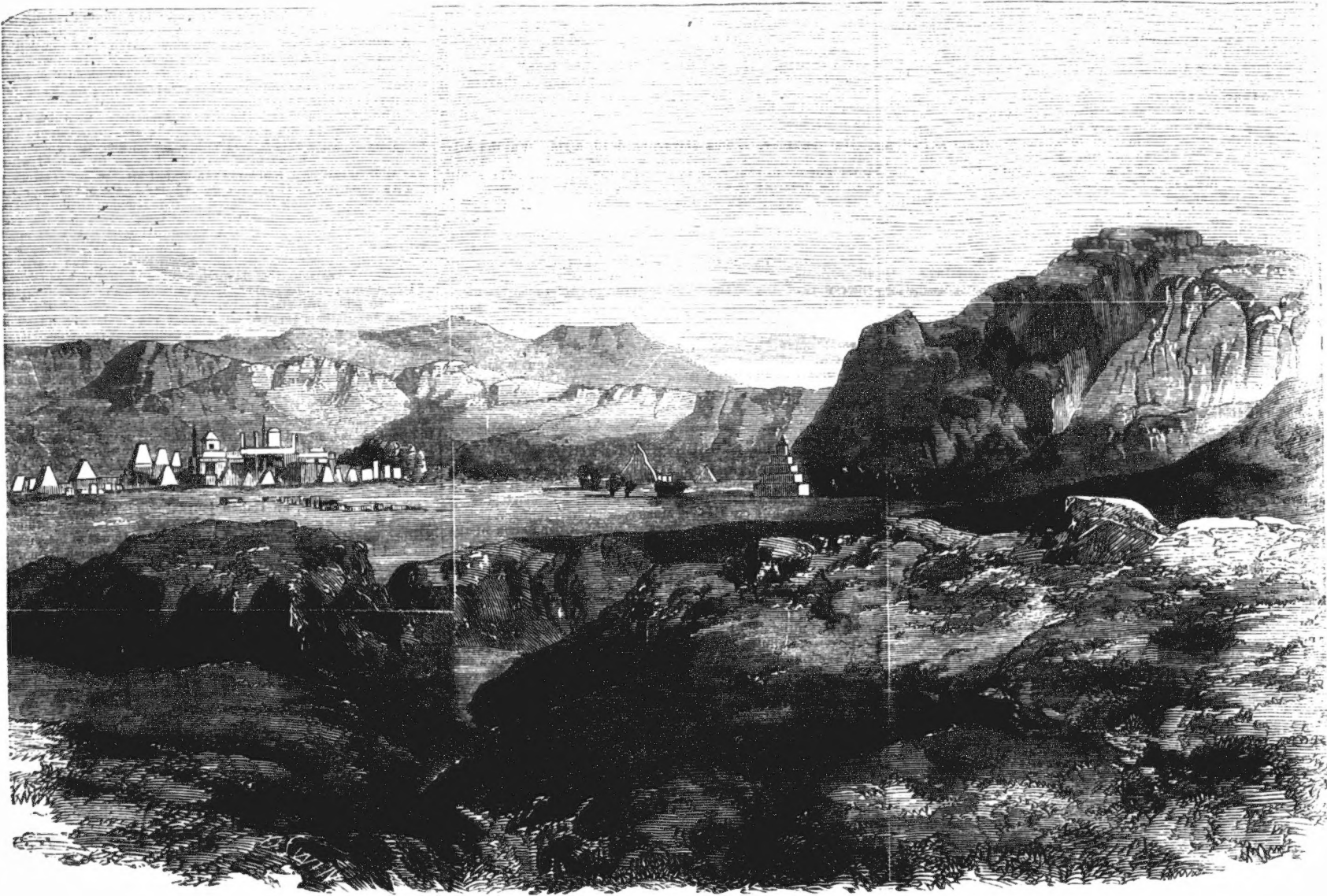
THE ninth concert, given on Thursday evening, was restricted to madrigals, glees, and part songs, interspersed with vocal and pianoforte solos. The selection was a very fine one, and all the pieces for the choir would have been repeated had Mr. Leslie followed in every instance the dicta of the crowd. In some cases, however, the encores were too persistent to be denied, and the following were given a second time:—Ravenscroft's madrigal, "In the Merry Spring"; Thomas Weekes's madrigal, "As Vesta was Descending" (a magnificent specimen of the madrigalian school of composition); and Ciro Pinsuti's part-song, "The Sea hath its Pearls." Mr. Henry Leslie's madrigal, "My Love is Fair"—a very graceful and flowing composition, exquisitely written for the voices—was also received with loud applause, but Mr. Leslie was non-compliant.

The solo singers were Mr. Cummings and a Mr. Brady, one of the choir, we believe, who substituted a song for Mdlle. Ellen Angèle, who was absent. Mr. Cummings sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," Schubert's serenade "Weary Flowers," and "Annabel Lee"; and Mr. Brady gave Wallace's "Bellringer." Mr. Cummings sang Beethoven's song with the greatest possible taste, and was still more successful in Schubert's serenade, in which he exhibited real unaffected pathos.

Mr. Charles Hallé played Beethoven's "Sonata Pastorale," Op. 28; Schubert's Impromptu in A flat, and Stephen Heller's "Caprice Brillant," on Schubert's "Forelle"—all splendidly played and loudly applauded.

THE GREAT SCOTCH DUKEDOM OF HAMILTON.

THERE will be much joy at Tattersall's upon the occasion of a decision pronounced on Thursday in the Edinburgh Court of Session, which affects seriously the future position of the suc-



VIEW OF TOLING, IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUTLEJ.

buted to him by Mr. Gregory; and Mr. Gregory explains that the assertion in question was his own; and that he had no intention of fathering it on Mr. Panizzi. Mr. Gregory quotes several passages from Mr. Panizzi's evidence to prove that the late librarian of the British Museum has constantly expressed his contempt for men of science; but in our opinion these passages merely go to prove Mr. Panizzi's conviction that, as men of business, men of science are often crotchety, narrow-minded, and dogmatical, and apt to prefer the special knowledge which is their honour and glory to all other kinds of knowledge whatever.

BROTHERHOOD OF THE NEGRO.—The existing feeling with respect to the manhood and brotherhood of the negro in America is saliently illustrated by the two following facts, which we glean from the correspondence of the *Morning Herald*. The President of the United States recently attended the funeral of William Slade (a negro), late steward at the White House. The ceremony was performed by a black clergyman, assisted by a white one, and the pall was borne by six alternate black and white friends. Slade left a considerable fortune, and was as well known and as highly respected as any man in Washington.—A negro alderman at New Orleans has brought an action against the convent of the Sacred Heart in that city, laying his damages at 10,000 dollars; the injury for which he claims compensation being the refusal of the Superior of the convent to admit his daughter as a pupil in that establishment, where the daughters of the Louisiana aristocracy are usually educated.

THE TUNNEL UNDER MONT CENIS.—We commend to the consideration of English engineers the accuracy of the estimates made by their foreign brethren of the cost of driving the tunnel under Mont Cenis. The total length of the tunnel will be 12,220 metres, of which 8,049 metres have been completed at a cost of 33,699,973 francs, the original estimate for the whole work having been 70,000,000 francs.

in no way the worse. The sting may probably have been extracted. I examined for myself the stones, glass, and scorpions, and there is no doubt in my mind that they were all actually swallowed, as I was within a foot or two of the performers. The Arab outsiders looked on deeply impressed by the heavily religious nature of the ceremony. Dancing and howling dervishes I have seen frequently, but no entertainment of the sort ever impressed me less with the idea of religion or more with that of fanaticism than the St. Vitus-like dance and demoniac howls of these true professors of Mahomedanism.—*Mr. J. D. Murray in Land and Water.*

VIEW OF TOLING, IN THE VALLEY OF THE SUTLEJ.

In the valley of the Sutlej, through which runs the river of the same name, is situate the town or village of Toling, shown in our illustration. The houses, of a most fragile nature, are built of bricks dried in the sun, and are flat-roofed. The climate, however, is so dry and the rains only falling at short intervals, these are seldom damaged by water. The finest building in the village is a monastery, the abode of Tibetan monks, and the isolated pyramidal buildings in the foreground are used as receptacles for their idols.

HOLY SATURDAY.—In some parts the day before Easter Day is called Holy Saturday. In the middle districts of Ireland great festival preparations mark the last day of Lent. At twelve at midnight the sounds of rejoicing are heard, and "Shidh or mogh or corries"—i.e., "out with the Lent." All is merriment for a time. Then the people retire, to rise at four o'clock, to see the sun dance in honour of the Resurrection. In some parts of England they call this the lamb playing, and look for it in the reflections of the sunbeams in the water.—*Easter Annual.*

cessors to the great Scotch dukedom of Hamilton, Brandon, and Chateherault. The present Duke has brought an action of declaration against his brother, Lord Charles George Archibald Hamilton, and others, for the purpose of having it found and declared that the various deeds of entail of the Hamilton estates are invalid and ineffectual in so far as regards the prohibitive and irritant and resolute clauses therein contained and referred to, and that he (the pursuer) is entitled to hold the said estates in fee simple, and dispose of them at pleasure. Lord Barcaple has given judgment, finding that the entails under which the Duke of Hamilton holds his ancestral estates are invalid, and that he may bring the property to the hammer as soon as he pleases. The will, of course, is an appeal to the Inner House, but it is said that the best legal authorities entertain no doubt that the Lord Ordinary's judgment will be affirmed.

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.—On Thursday a journeyman tailor, who enjoys the singularly Irish name of Patrick Fitzpatrick, was brought up on remand before the magistrate at the Marlborough-street Police-court, charged with an assault upon a fellow workman. Prisoner was a unionist, the prosecutor one who in the late strike refused to turn out, and the assault, it was alleged, arose out of a vengeful feeling engendered and left behind by the recent trade dispute. A considerable number of men worked in the shop, by whom complainant was hissed and groaned at, slippers and other missiles were thrown at him, and eventually a metal can aimed by the prisoner struck his head, and inflicted an injury. Mr. Knox said that, stripped of its unionist surroundings, the case would not be serious, but as it was, he should commit the prisoner for trial.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

OUR POSITION IN
ABYSSINIA.

A GENTLEMAN attached to the British army in Abyssinia, and writing from what may be called the seat of operations, declares that the natives unanimously express their hopes and wishes that we should take possession of the country and become their masters. Our style of paying for everything we require has taken them entirely by surprise. It is altogether contrary to their experience. There is no doubt that they are extremely poor, and terribly ground down, and many of their very numerous vices are, to a certain extent, excusable upon this score. They are so poor that they will sell anything for dollars—their corn, their flour, their donkeys, their cattle, their wives, or their daughters. They are a terribly priest-ridden people. I should say that no people in the world pay such extortionate dues. The priests claim two-fifths of the gross produce. Of the remainder one-third is claimed by the king. Then comes the local chief, so that finally the unfortunate cultivator gets less than one-fifth of the crop he has raised. It is no wonder that the people are poor, and that in times of drought, or when the locusts sweep over the land, or the rebels, more destructive still, carry off crops and flocks and flocks, famine stalks through the land. There is no doubt that our mastership would be a unimixed blessing to them, but it would certainly be the very reverse of advantageous to ourselves. From our landing at Zulla to the present time we have passed through a country very barren. Except for grazing purposes, it is absolutely valueless. Here and there, in the valleys, are little patches of cultivation by the side of the streams; but in the whole two hundred miles we have passed through, looking east and west as far as the eye can reach, by what we have seen, by the ranges of mountain summits discernible everywhere in the far west, it is evident that a very large portion of Abyssinia is mere grazing land, and it is probable that the valleys and low-lying plains which are extremely fertile, would be unhealthy for European constitutions. Whatever ideas may have been entertained at one time as to our taking possession of a country so rich, so fertile, and so salubrious as this was represented to be, the experience of this expedition must have entirely dissipated this notion. The general aspect of the country is so bare, the fertile portions so distant from the coast, the roads so impracticable, that any idea of English colonisers settling here, as suggested by Mr. Dufton and others, is simply preposterous; and in addition to all this, a very large force would be required to keep a warlike and turbulent people in order. We see by the English papers that "A British Taxpayer" has been writing indignantly, demanding why two or three thousand men were not sufficient for this paltry business. If the "British Taxpayer" had been out here he would not have asked such a question. British soldiers are by no means men to overrate difficulties, or to hold their enemies at higher than their real value. But the universal opinion here is that we have not one man too many in the country. The tribes of Shobos on the sea coast, the King of Tigre, who could summon 20,000 or 30,000 men to his banner; the fierce Gallas, through whom we have still to pass; all these have been, and probably will be, friendly. But why? Simply because we are strong enough to keep them in order. No one doubts for a moment that if they thought that they were strong enough they would fall upon us instantly for the sake of plunder. If the three thousand men who, according to this superior critic, would have been sufficient, could have been endowed with the agreeable faculty of going for three months without food, and if their horses had been similarly gifted, they would without doubt have been amply sufficient. Three thousand British soldiers, as long as they kept together in a compact body, could march from the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope. But, unfortunately, men and animals who can go for three months without food are scarce in these degenerate days. Our experience here is that, with the exception of meat, no food whatever is procurable between Zulla and our present most advanced post, with the solitary exception of Antalo. Grain for the animals is almost as scarce. We have bought small quantities, indeed, at most of the stations, but we never get it for the first few days after our arrival. It is only after we have been at a place for a short time, and when the people



THE FLOWER GIRL—(AFTER A PICTURE BY MURILLO)

find out how large a sum we pay for it, that they bring in even small quantities. Our force, as it is now constituted, is sufficient to overawe the country, and it is fortunate that it is so; if the people were hostile, we could not, even with our present force, have even hoped to reach Magdala. It would have been a sheer impossibility. A mere passive resistance, the driving away of flocks and herds, and the burning of the grass, would have brought us to a standstill at Sena'e, while the bare idea of defending our communication, and guarding the enormous trains required for our march of 300 miles through a barren, hostile, and most difficult country, is so supremely ridiculous as to be laughable. The experiment of the 3,000 men, had it been tried, would have ended in a disaster such as, with the exception of Cabul, the British arms have never experienced; and it must afterwards have been retrieved with a force of three times the strength even of our present one, and at an expenditure which might have taught even the "British Taxpayer" that penny wisdom is an equivalent for pound foolishness.

CITY HAT COMPANY's only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOE-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers. —[ADVT.]

THE HAIR.—All its beauty may be retained, and although grey it may be restored by using Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. Price Six shillings. Her Zylobalanum at Three shillings will beautify the hair of the young.—European Depot, 266, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

CHARGES OF
CRUELTY AGAINST
A MISTRESS.

MISS ANN TURNER, of 19, Walpole-street, Chelsea, appeared to three summonses, obtained against her at the instance of the Marquis Townshend, charging her with assaulting Mary Barry, her servant, on the 18th of December, and again on the 29th of January; and further with having neglected to provide her with proper food.

The Marquis Townshend was present, and was accommodated with a seat on the bench.

Mr. Sayth, solicitor for the prosecution, in opening the case, pointed out that the third summons was taken out under the 26th section of the Consolidated Clauses Act, observing that the health of the servant, who is only seventeen years of age, had been injured by the neglect in question.

The girl, who was stated to be of weak intellect, said she entered the service of the Misses Turner in October, 1866, and continued till the end of January last. She ought to have got up at six in the morning, and sometimes did not; when this occurred she was kept without her breakfast and dinner. She had during the time she was there gone without her breakfast three or four times, and her dinner two or three times. Her mistress (the defendant) struck her once in the eye with a black-lead brush, which she took from her hand while she was cleaning the stove, and afterwards told her that it was an accident, and she was sorry for it. She had repeatedly caned her with a thin cane on her hands and shoulders, giving her two or three blows each time. Her shoulders were covered with her clothes, but she had struck her upon the bare legs. Complainant went on to describe that defendant had immersed her hands on one occasion in hot water, had thrown water over her, and had made her once walk about with only part of her clothes on, and at another time having made her get into a tub of water.

In cross-examination by Mr. Thompson, barrister, she admitted that she had free access to food at all times, and that she was very sorry when her mistress discharged her. Although her mother came once a week she never complained to her of ill-treatment.

In reply to the charge, Mr. Thompson said that the Misses Turner seeing the child and mother outside St. Mary's Catholic Chapel in a state of penury had benevolently interested themselves in their well-

fare, by clothing them both, taking complainant into their service, and procuring a situation for the mother. They used their best endeavours to teach the child the duties of a domestic servant, and were obliged to use some slight correction. She had never been treated with the least cruelty, and to cure her of idle propensities her breakfast had been two or three times delayed, but only for an hour or so, and she never went without her dinner. After she had left the Misses Turner were surprised by the visit of a gentleman from some benevolent office in the Haymarket to inquire into the treatment she had received. The ladies gave a full explanation, and were told if they did not hear any more of the matter in a week they might consider it dropped; and then after a long interval they found the present proceedings taken.

The Secretary of the office in the Haymarket (Society for the Protection of Women and Children) disclaimed any part in the present proceedings.

Evidence having been given showing that the girl was in a better condition than when she entered the service, was well fed and treated, and paid wages, it was proved that the girl had distorted the circumstances detailed, which had reference to household duties, the cleanliness of her own person, and a desire to get her out of slovenly and bad habits. It was admitted that on one occasion two or three blows had been given her on her shoulders with a light cane. She was slovenly and obstinate, and needed correction.

Mr. Ingham said that the charges could not be supported—that with respect to the food had completely fallen to the ground, and the assault complained of was too trivial to deserve punishment. There was a total absence of cruelty or intentional violence. There was an old idea prevalent that mistresses had a right to use corporal punishment. In olden times a moderate amount was administered with a cane not thicker than the little finger, but it must be borne in mind that that fashion had now passed away. The defendant and her sister had honestly tried to do the best they could for the unfortunate girl.—The summonses were dismissed.

THEATRES.

COYENT GARDEN.—Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
 DRURY LANE.—Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
 HAYMARKET.—A Co-Operative Movement—A Hero of Romance—Intrigue. Seven.
 ADELPHI.—Go to Putney—No Throughfare. Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—Mary Jones—Dearest Than Life—La Vivandiere. Seven.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray.—The Merry Zingara—Quite at Home. Half-past Seven.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot.—Play—A Silent Protector. Seven.
 SURREY.—Hamlet—Black-Eyed Susan. Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Scenes in the Arena—The Wonderful Spanish Troupe. Half-past Seven.
 STANDARD.—Hamlet—Midas. Seven.
 NEW EAST LONDON.—Hamlet—Armstrong, the Shipwright.
 BRITANNIA.—Historic Tableaux—Grand Concert.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
 MADAME TUSSEAU'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—*From the River.*
 British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds. Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—*By Introduction.*

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

J. FRANCIS.—Involuntary blushing ought to be a sign of an ignominious disposition. It is constitutional, and we imagine cannot be cured by medical treatment.

J. S. (Exeter) can purchase iodine ointment cheaper than he can make it.

HUMPHREY, R.—An interview with the publisher would be better.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER can have the back number he wants by applying at our office.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1868.

THE WAR SHIPS OF THE FUTURE.

THE importance of the re-construction of the British Navy cannot be over-rated. In the event of a war it is to our ships that we look for protection, because owing to our insular position we are vulnerable at all points. At the Institute of Naval Architects we find the Earl of Hardwicke raising the question—"As it was allowed that iron could be penetrated, what was the use of iron?" Of course the earl is speaking of armour, not merely of an iron frame. Iron may be preferable to wood, although equally penetrable; but armour—as we have seen—altogether alters the style. If armoured ships are made with fine lines, the length must be great—in fact, the size itself must be excessive—and the cost is accordingly prodigious. If we would have our armoured vessel less expensive and more handy, we must allow her to be somewhat bluff and stumpy—a Dutch-built craft, bloated, but buoyant. If we dislike these conditions, there is the turret ship. We have simply to choose, and in either case we have to pay. The Earl of Hardwicke made one remark which was exceedingly popular with the meeting. He said that a moveable platform in the centre of the ship was the best place for the gun, and this being granted, "our men would want no turrets, for they could fight better, as they ever had done, in the open." This may be called the turret gun without the turret, or the turntable without the cupola. Mr. Reed wants us to wait until we see what the Captain and the Monarch turn out to be. But in the meantime we would ask, Who can affect to despise a fleet of small turret ships, each with one or two guns of the heaviest calibre? These vessels, though small, might be made to carry armour as thick and guns as heavy as the most ponderous of the iron-clads. It is true that the broadside ship might have the greater number of guns; but for the same money we might have the greater number of turret ships, with this difference, that while the big ship had all her eggs in one basket, the little ships would have a distributed armament. We know what it is to fight a swarm of wasps. While we are killing a dozen, fifty are stinging us. Could we concentrate all the wasps in one, we might kill the monster and escape, but they are unconquerable because they are many. Might we not distribute our guns on the same principle? Such vessels at least might defend our shores, while the Bellerophons and Minotaurs went roaming over the ocean in all the grandeur of their costly bulk. If big ships are specially good for anything, it is for ramming. It was so at Lissa; but at Lissa the guns were either weak or badly handled. With proper guns and clever gunners, ships ought not to get to close quarters. Granting that small

turret ships cannot ram—at least, not with the same advantage as a mountainous iron-clad, they may yet act the part of the wasps and "dodge." The big ship will thus be baulked, like a bull butting at the nimble-footed matadors. This we are sure of, that the first maritime power which develops the capabilities of the turret principle will possess a navy of extraordinary power and mobility. We learn by the latest advices that six Brazilian iron-clads have run the gauntlet of 180 hostile guns. The ships were much battered, but none were lost. Ten men are said to have been wounded, but none killed. Three of the iron-clads steaming on to Assuncion, found the Paraguayan capital and all the river towns abandoned. The forts which should have intercepted the foe were left in the rear, and the river became a highway for the invading fleet. Without the sacrifice of a ship—without the loss of a man—the city was taken, and Brazil, with her allies, became triumphant. Doubtless there were successful operations on land at the same time, but these can scarcely be said to detract from the importance of the feat achieved by the ships. Further particulars will be awaited with interest, but in the interval the broad facts are before us, and may be discussed with advantage. South American wars and revolutions are not often found very imposing in their scale, or important in their results. But since the modern expedients of armoured ships and turret guns have been adopted in that part of the globe the quarrels south of the line have had their value for the rest of the world, as helping to give us a sort of enlarged Shogbournness. Comparisons are said to be odious, and we suppose the same may be averred of parallels. Yet we cannot help remembering that as the river Paraguay leads to Assuncion, so does the Thames lead to London. The former river is but a tributary, whereas the Thames flows direct to the sea. Assuncion is a small prize, London the greatest the world can offer. The capital of Paraguay was only to be approached under the fire of 180 guns. The calibre of these may not have been great, but we question whether 180 guns of decent size guard the passage of the Thames. Of course we rely upon our ships, and so forth; but no one who understands the character of modern warfare can rely upon the Thames batteries as capable of driving back a fleet of Monitors. Light-draught vessels with massive armour and heavy guns might defy our present forts and make a dash at the metropolis. We cannot be sure that the enemy would stick at old-fashioned rules and disembark an army before he tried to ascend the river. The tactics of a clever commander are governed by the means at his disposal. If he could not take London he might destroy it, or inflict serious damage. At all events, the fate of Assuncion tells us that forts may be defied, even if they are not taken, and the prize they were intended to defend may be snatched from behind them. We are told that the Brazilian ships demolished the forts or silenced the guns; but it is clear that the forts inflicted no material damage on the ships. The first lesson we learn, therefore, is to have guns on the land which will pierce iron-clads on the water. This ought not to be difficult, seeing that the land will bear any weight we like to put upon it, providing the soil is not a mud-bank. An impregnable fort will be useless, if it covers ineffective guns. The forts on the Paraguay may have stood unscathed, but the ships went by them, and it was all the same as if the forts had been demolished. The position is understood to have been of extraordinary strength. Chains were stretched across the river, and torpedoes lurked under the water; but all was in vain. The battered ships burst through the snare, and while the Marshal de Caxias stormed the redoubts on land, three of the iron-clads steamed on to the capital. A strong position, gallantly defended, has proved insufficient, apparently through sheer weakness of artillery. The result may say something for the value of armour: but it tells equally in favour of powerful guns. Could Lopez have smashed in the sides of the Brazilian iron-clads the valour of Paraguay might have preserved her independence. At the session of the Institute of Naval Architects, Admiral Halsted read a paper in defence of the turret principles. Admiral Halsted differs from some of the turret advocates as well as from Mr. Reed, inasmuch as he proposes a vessel of great length, fine lines, and with an upper deck for sailing power. Mr. Scott Russell suggested that turret ships should be kept "small," and that bigness should be left to the broadsiders. Both Mr. Reed and Admiral Sir Edward Belcher objected to great length, as making vessels unwieldy. We remember that in the case of the unlucky Affondatore there was an obvious defect of this kind. She shot ahead like an arrow, but was as awkward in turning as an alligator. Lissa serves us for a lesson in this particular. While Persano was swinging to and fro like a pendulum, the Austrian ships were ramming at the Re d'Italia, the Re di Portogallo, and other of the iron-clads, together managing so cleverly as to get the Italian ships fairly into "chancery." Victory favoured the Austrian tactics, and Persano was called to account for his blunders. As we prudently keep out of big wars ourselves we ought to lose no opportunity of profiting by the example set us by other nations. Let their experience be our guide, but we must beware of costly experiments. The question is being well ventilated at present, and we trust that the British Navy will always be in a state of efficiency, and prepared for any emergency.

EXECUTION AT YORK.

An execution has also taken place at York. At noon on Saturday Frederick Parker, who was convicted at the York Assizes of the murder of Daniel Driscoll at South Driffield on Sunday, the 1st of March, was hanged outside the walls of York Castle. Askern, of Maltby, near Rotherham, was the executioner. There was a large crowd. The culprit died very penitent.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE VOTES OF FRIDAY MORNING.

MR. DISRAELI will not die easy. He will not let his privileges expire through want of use. He still challenges the Commons to agree with Mr. Gladstone in his declaration that the Irish Establishment must, as an establishment, "cease to exist." He knows as well as any of us that the House will assent to this declaration, but some days or weeks must expire after the Easter recess before a decision can be taken upon it. When it has been done he will challenge Parliament to meet the country next February upon this issue, although again conscious that the nation will with augmented force repeat the declaration of the present Parliament. The Premier will, however, be able to justify any course of conduct he may choose hereafter to pursue by a reference to the expressions of some one or other of his Cabinet. But the House of Commons has resolved that the cancer of the Irish Church, which is the weakness of the empire, shall be removed. The decisive rejection of Lord Stanley's amendment, and the resolution to go into Committee, are the first steps in the operation, and the national will, soon to be expressed with no uncertain sound, will insist that it be thoroughly performed. The votes mark the dawn of a re-united empire.—*Times*.

OUR FINANCE.

While we are embarrassed by Abyssinia we are not relieved by economies elsewhere of the most partial character. The inevitable consequence can hardly fail to be that the whole Abyssinian expenditure must be met by fresh taxation. Although it is probable the revenue will revive this year, the contingency cannot be counted on, at least to any great extent. To be prudent, we must add to our resources, so as to cover the whole, or nearly the whole, of the anticipated expense. It may be a matter for inquiry whether our finance has been attended to sufficiently during the last year or two. It is a financial commonplace that, unless pruned with what M. Thiers calls "ferocity," the expense of a great country will grow with tremendous rapidity. So many things are desirable, or seem desirable; and it is most difficult to resist the importunities of claimants. To meet the danger, every Administration should possess some one with a keen interest in using the pruning knife; and that some one, we fear, has been wanting since Mr. Gladstone's resignation. In no other way can we account for the rapid rise of ordinary expenditure from sixty-six to sixty-seven millions, to sixty-nine or seventy. But for this rise the Abyssinian expenditure might well have been met, with little or no additions to our burdens. As it is, the taxpayer must make up his mind to some very unpleasant proposals.—*Economist*.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

In the midst of schemes for re-modelling the University examinations, the examinations themselves have been called into question. It is not that they are even suspected of being unfair or ineffective; the complaint is only that, under the stimulus of competition, examinations are everything, and that where examinations are everything, the pursuit of knowledge is likely to be oblique, unreal, or unproductive. This question involves a most difficult, if not insurmountable dilemma. The system of examination is open in some degree to the objections alleged against it, but there is no alternative course which would not be open to objections far more serious. Rewards must be given to merit, and there is no known method of ascertaining merit except by examination. Any other method must, according to all experience, degenerate ultimately into patronage or favour—the very system which all recent reforms have been designed to extinguish. The discussions themselves, however, form a notable sign of the times, and may convince the world that the University of Cambridge is at this moment by no means in a condition of stagnation or apathy.—*Times*.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH BILL.

The question raised by the introduction of the bill is not whether we shall retain a particular business in our hands or delegate it to the Government. In point of fact, the business is performed by delegates already, and always must be. The choice is really between delegating it to a joint-stock company working for profit, and having no interest in the work, except as it tends to produce dividends, and entrusting it to the Government, which is responsible to public opinion and to Parliament. In the preamble of the Ministerial Bill the desirableness of empowering the Postmaster-General to work telegraphs in connection with the administration of the Post Office is based upon two principal considerations. The means of communication by electric telegraph, it is said, are at present insufficient, and many important districts are unprovided with any. This is an evil which must exist as long as telegraphs are in the hands of companies working solely with a view to profit. A public department would proceed on a different principle. We may expect that if this bill passes, the benefits of telegraphic communication will be rapidly extended to districts which would have long remained without them under the operations of a strictly commercial system. A second reason given for the proposed change is the cheapness and consequent extension of telegraphic communication which will be attainable under the new system. The cheaper we make telegraphic messages, the more they will be multiplied, and the higher the degree of perfection to which this agency may then be brought. We trust the bill will pass, and then every taxpayer will be a shareholder in a great National Electric Telegraph Company, of vastly greater utility than any which could otherwise have been called into existence. There is room in this rich and busy country for an increase of telegraphic messages as considerable as that which took place in the number of letters posted consequent upon Sir Rowland Hill's great reform.—*Daily News*.

MR. DISRAELI AND PARTY MORALS.

MR. DISRAELI's policy, if it were persisted in, or, still worse, adopted as a precedent by other Premiers, would in the end turn parliamentary government into one long intrigue. As Mr. Bright so eloquently pointed out, he destroys the functions both of the Government and of the Opposition. He lays down no policy and rejects no policy. The grand merit of parliamentary government, the one good which compensates for its wearisome tardiness, its almost imbecile cumbrousness, is that it matures opinion, that it keeps governors and governed in perpetual accord, by bringing the governed slowly up to the governor's level. But on Mr. Disraeli's plan no such education is possible for the country. Plain men can never make out even so much as their ruler's idea of what policy is best, much less why it is best. The Government gives no reasons, hints that all policies are best, and then, before opinion has time to ripen, acts as suddenly and dramatically as if Government were an affair of the theatre. Household suffrage was established last year while members were at dinner, and before the existing electorate had read one single speech by a man of Cabinet rank for or against that vast change. There is nothing whatever in Mr. Disraeli's attitude to tell anybody what he wants or why he wants it, to ripen opinion up to any point, or to preclude him from announcing after Easter that he will do nothing, or that he will abolish the Establishment, or that he will change the United Church of England and Ireland into the Church of England and Ulster.—*Spectator*.

BRITISH POLICY IN CRETE.

The Powers which have fought and bled for Turkey have the right to offer, and, if necessary, to enforce their counsels. The British Government, therefore, need have no scruple about addressing to the Porte any note it may think fit. Lord Stanley has, no doubt, sufficiently considered this subject, and if he has refrained from joining in the representations of the Continental Powers it is

because he looks upon them as unnecessary or mischievous. There seems to be no doubt that the principal Continental statesmen had made up their minds a year ago that Crete was lost to the Porte, and that its discontent was so inveterate that the island ought to be severed from the empire by European diplomacy. Our Government was pressed in every manner to join in taking the island from Turkey, and, no doubt, annexing it to Greece. It is obvious, however, that such counsels are quite inconsistent with the policy this country has avowed, and which Lord Stanley was bound to respect, of doing nothing, to impair the integrity of the Turkish empire. The British Government may well say that if that empire be doomed to fall the blow shall not come from us. — *Times*.

MR. BRIGHT'S LAST PHASE.

Mr. Bright's apparent heat of temperament was, to use a physical metaphor, a result caused by subjecting his mind to the unnatural pressure of an aristocratic-liberal atmosphere, in addition to, and superincumbent on, the liberal atmosphere in which he was brought up. Whenever and wherever that extraneous pressure has been removed, he has always taken his place amongst the most temperate of counsellors. When once Mr. Bright finds himself deliberating with a number of men whose ends are identical with his, and whose only wish is to obtain them speedily and effectually, all the elements which irritate his political nature are wanting; and not only is his judgment left perfectly free to gauge the magnitude of the forces with which he has to deal, but even the intensity of his previous grudges and animosities seems to serve him in good stead, for they tell him the centres of greatest tenderness, where a little remission of pressure will be at once conciliatory to the disheartened foe, and gladly conceded by the generosity of the victors. The wrath he felt against that aristocratic Liberalism which was so much too strong for him that he was compelled, though under vehement and constant protests, to fight under its banner, was always far keener than his wrath against the open Toryism and Conservatism of the opposite party. Now that this unnatural alliance no longer chafes and frets him, now that he finds himself acting with a party which recognises for the most part his own aims as theirs, and recognises also the sagacity of his own anticipations, the heat which was fierce and dangerous to his forced allies becomes latent again in the form of sagacious magnanimity towards his foes. His sympathies are as vivid as ever, but the cessation of these special irritating causes has cooled them down from the form of popular passions to the form of popular sympathies. — *Economist*.

SIR R. PHILLIMORE'S JUDGMENT.

Sir R. Phillimore's judgment in favour of lighted candles on the altar is to be regretted. There is no manner of question but that the country folk—not labourers and small farmers or village tradesmen only, but even the gentry of hundreds of parishes—regard lights on the altar as indicative of the celebration of the Roman Catholic mass rather than the English communion service. Many of them would as soon enter a church where such practices go on—to say nothing of attending the communion—as bow down when the host passes them in the street of a Roman Catholic town. Daniel would as soon have worshipped Nebuchadnezzar's golden image as many of our country folk enter a church which was known to have lights burning on the altar during the sacramental service. If this judgment is really to be carried out, it must become a question between sacrificing the Church to the clergy or limiting the liberty of the clergy in the interest of the whole Church. We really cannot see why the presence of two lighted candles on the communion table should be so fearful an offence to the consciences of Protestants that they cannot say their prayers and take their bread and wine in peace without eagerly thirsting to blow them out. If the lights do show that the curate officiating has got a bee in his bonnet, as the saying is, that is no reason why the buzz of the bee should irritate quiet folks' senses into discord. Still everybody knows that farm labourers and village tradesmen, and indeed tenant farmers and country gentry, have not the large tolerance of the literary class. The Church does not exist for the sake of literary persons, but for the sake of the mass of men, and when the clergy are silly enough to destroy not only their own influence, but the usefulness of the Church for the sake of a showy symbol, some restraint should be put upon them. In matters not of principle, there cannot be a doubt that innovations should not be introduced where they offend a great many more than they attract; and unless the liberty of the clergyman to offend his flock be in some manner restrained, we shall soon find that he has no flock to offend. Sir R. Phillimore's judgment has brought this matter to a crisis. The Established Church will really cease to do the proper work of an establishment in hundreds of parishes if the curates who have gone in for bright clothes and showy ornaments are to have their way untrammelled. — *Spectator*.

FRANCE.

Although the Emperor Napoleon has always been tenacious of his plans, and more especially of his military innovations, he will probably yield to the popular feeling if the new organisation of the army continues to excite discontent. According to the calculations of the Minister of War, the Movable National Guard will consist of 550,000 men, and it would not be safe to alienate from the empire an equal number of families. For purposes of defence the measure is needless, inasmuch as France is practically unassailable; and the loss of the army, with the reserve, ought to be sufficient for any war which was not planned on an extravagant scale. The Government may not be disposed to encourage rioters by concession; but a dissolution will probably take place in the course of the year, and it might be unsafe to provide Opposition candidates with the materials of hostility to the Government. If the Public Meeting Bill passes into a law, electors will for the first time have the opportunity of discussing public affairs by themselves, and with those who desire to be their representatives. Little eloquence will be needed to expose the harshness of a universal and unnecessary conscription, and of those who are most ready to pledge themselves to the repeal of the law will perhaps be preferred by the constituencies to their official competitors. The member for an electoral district is only returned by a fraction of the votes to which, in their collective multitude, the Emperor so constantly refers; but a Legislative Body containing a majority of members unfriendly to the Government might fairly claim to represent the most recent judgment of the nation. It is only by the aid of docile adherents that the Emperor has been enabled to tolerate discussion, and at the same time to retain the entire control of public affairs. A Legislative Body chosen to protest against a single measure might seek to check the prerogative in other directions, and if a chronic struggle arose, the Emperor would be reduced to a choice between submission and restriction of the competence of the Assembly. At any sacrifice, the boasted eight millions of voters must be kept in good humour. — *Saturday Review*.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

DIVIDE, where necessary and possible, stools of Tritoma. They delight in a not over rich soil, and in positions where abundant of water can be given them during the growing season. Let all newly planted trees, shrubs, &c., be well watered, and if necessary secured by being properly staked; the former to settle the soil well about them before the hot weather comes. Transplant ceras-todas, Biebersteinia and tomentosum. Every bit, with sufficient footpath to dibble firmly into soil, will now root and grow readily. Divide and transplant likewise, where necessary, any old stools of violets. The poorer the soil they are planted in the better, as less foliage and more flowers may be anticipated. The Czar is a very useful variety, and should be in every garden. Sow magnonette and sweet alyssum in open borders, there to grow and flower if sweet-scented flowers are desiderata. Take advantage of a nice showery day to transplant stocks from either seed or autumn formed nursery beds. The frosts of the 24th and 25th ult. will, I fear, have left their mark upon prominent flower buds of any auriculas, which were exposed. It will be observed that "selfs" are not quite so susceptible as are the others of injury in this wise. Carnations, &c., intended for blooming in pots should now have had their final shift. Further delay will hardly afford them time to properly furnish the pots with the necessary amount of roots to insure a fine bloom. Those who really want good flowers upon the outdoor tulips will have an anxious period between now and the time when the flowers expand. Already they are very forward, and it will be observed that the cups formed by the leaves are so intact at the base as to be capable of retaining water, whether from the rain which falls, or produced by condensation in the early part of the night. Sharp frosts, sufficient in fact to congeal this moisture and so form ice, will be readily surmised, must cause more or less injury to the young and delicate organism of the flower bud resting therein; hence proper precaution must be taken to secure them from such by efficient protection or other similar means. Transplant rock-roses, male pinks, &c. Pot off annuals of all sorts as they require it.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

In this department finish planting out the remainder of autumn-sown cabbages, cauliflowers, and any peas which may have been sown in boxes as second earlies. Transplant a few of the earlier sown and transplanted lettuce upon a nice warm border. If dry, water them in, and watch them narrowly for a time to see that insects do not injure them. Make also successional sowings at intervals of about three weeks, that no future shortness of supply may ensue. Radishes in like manner should be sown in constant succession, at least once in every fortnight. Make another sowing of spinach to succeed the first. Get all chives, garlic, and shallots planted without further delay; and finally look the stock of onions over, keeping only such as are moderately firm, and planting out any which have begun to grow in thick rows a couple of feet apart. Make the main and final sowing of leeks. These, if left later than the beginning of April, do not succeed so well. Prick out the necessary quantity of early-sown celery as soon as it is fit to handle. It will require the protection of a frame for some time, and a little bottom heat will benefit it much. Make a good sowing of carrots; James's Intermediate is perhaps the most suitable for all kinds of soil. Weeds will now push up their heads in every conceivable corner, and will soon grow rapidly, to our future cost, if they be not destroyed by thorough hoeing, &c., at once. Cabbage beds, &c., will be much benefited by having the surface just turned over with the spade. This will not only destroy weeds, invigorate the plants, and the like, but will make it so much the better for hoeing in the hotter summer months, when the ground is liable to become so hardened by heavy rains and hot sun. — *W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle*.

HINTS FOR AMATEURS.

In April there are so many inducements to devote our time to outdoor gardening, that a caution may not now be ill-timed respecting certain indoor duties that ought not to be neglected. We have lately had our rooms gay with tulips and crocuses, and perfumed with hyacinths, jonquils, and narcissus; and it is a common notion that these bulbs are not worth the trouble of saving for next year, as the blooms they will then produce will be fewer, smaller, and of poor quality. There is a certain amount of truth in this, no doubt; but this result, in most if not in all cases, is the fault of the cultivator, not the fault of the plant. These plants are grown in pots in three ways, by which a succession of bloom is maintained for the drawing-room or conservatory. The earliest flowers are obtained by growing the plants in heat. The next are from plants grown in a greenhouse or room, and the third are from plants grown in the open air, by plunging the pots in the border, or, better still, in a bed of coal-ashes. Inasmuch as these bulbs mostly come from a climate rather warmer than that of England, it follows that the hothouse treatment and the open air treatment are not such natural conditions of growth as that afforded by the temperature of a greenhouse; and it is therefore to be expected that, if the bulbs can be made to flower year after year, this result will be best attained from those plants which are subjected to the most natural of artificial treatments. Indeed it is upon a proper attention to keeping up the natural growth of the plant after the flower fades, that its power of blooming next year depends. It is usual to turn the pots out of doors without care or heed where they lie or stand, exposed to cold winds and spring frosts, if not to rain. No wonder that poor flowers come next year, when a coddled and petted favourite is thus hardly treated! Although the flower has faded, the leaves are still green and beautiful, and while the plant is kept in a genial atmosphere they continue to fulfil for the appointed time their duty of nourishing the bulb and preparing it for flowering again. This done, they fade, shrivel, and die; and then the bulb may be taken out of the soil, and stored away for planting again in the autumn. Bulbs thus matured—thus taken as much care of after the flower fades as before it appears—will flower well every season, and reward their owner for the trouble spent upon them, not to mention the money saved that has previously been annually expended in new bulbs.

This caution about the after treatment of flowering bulbs is especially needed this year. An unusually mild winter has been followed by a forward spring, with fewer sharp frosts than usual. It is to be expected that we shall have some more frosty weather before the end of May, and it is these late frosts that do so much harm. Plants of all kinds are growing now faster than gardeners like to see, because experience tells them that unless the greatest care be exercised the young and tender shoots are sure to be nipped. Many plants, besides bulbs, will therefore require unusual protection this spring. — *W. T. in the Gardener's Chronicle*.

A SINGULAR CUSTOM.—A singular custom once prevailed in Lostwithiel, Cornwall, on Easter Sunday. The freeholders of the town and manor assembled either in person or by deputy. From their number they chose one who, habited like a king, and with a sceptre in his hand, a crown on his head, and a sword borne before him, and attended respectfully, went in state to the church. At the church-yard stile, he was met by the curate or other minister, and escorted into the church with pomp, to hear Divine service. After service he repaired with the same pomp to a house prepared for his reception. Here he was served at a repast with all the formality a prince would be. The ceremony concluded with the dinner. This custom, however, seems to have no reference to the season as a religious festival; but rather points to the time when Restormel Castle was the residence of the Prince, and Lostwithiel had been honoured with princely magnificence. — *Easter Annual*.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THERE are certain fêtes given occasionally in Paris at which the fashionable feminine world invariably evinces a strong desire to be present. These fêtes happen rarely, and the difficulty in procuring tickets is great: I have come to the conclusion that this latter obstacle adds to the attraction of the meetings. The occasions I allude to are the academical receptions, and the pains and trouble the ladies of the upper ten thousand take to be able to see the celebrated faces, to gaze on the new toilettes of their friends, or perhaps to be charmed afresh with the harmony of the French language, at once so delicate, so simple, and so noble when it is well spoken, are immense.

Abbé Gratre's reception, which took place recently, was no exception to the rule, for it was most brilliantly attended. Very few of the official world were present, but the cream of the noble faubourg flocked to applaud their most venerated orator. At the opening of the séance the entrance of M. Thiers produced lively enthusiasm; but when M. Berryer made his appearance after M. Thiers the applause became still greater, and when M. de Montalembert, who is just recovering from a very serious illness, was recognised the bravos were renewed with still greater energy. These three illustrious members sat together before the new member, who was introduced by Monsignore Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, and the Duke de Noailles.

M. Videt was selected to reply to the new academician, and it would be impossible to have done so in a more graceful and charming speech than that gentleman delivered.

The toilettes were, as a rule, characterised by that stamper of luxurious elegance and correct taste so prominent in all that is worn by the aristocratic circle of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The official world and the financial world lead the fashions, and occasionally exaggerate them; the Faubourg St. Germain follow the new styles as they appear, but always in moderation.

I saw nothing very novel to remark upon at this academical séance, except perhaps a black faille dress, with a "Vanloo" bodice, the skirt being looped up over a light green faille petticoat, cut with a train. The bodice called "Vanloo" was made with a basque, precisely in the style of the hunting costumes worn in Louis XV. reign; it formed a green waistcoat in front, which was buttoned straight down until it reached the basque. The waistcoat was trimmed at each side with an insertion of exquisite Venetian point, and similar lace decorated the sleeves. A black lace bonnet, with a high ruche of lace over the forehead, a cockade of green feathers, and a small bird's head at the side completed the picturesque costume.

Then another rather remarkable toilette was composed of the now popular shot silk, in this case blue and green. The petticoat was bordered with a deep flounce, headed by vandykes of green satin, narrow bands cut on the cross. The skirt was looped up over paniers, and held up at the back by a vandyked band of green satin. The pelérine, which was the shape called Dauphine, was trimmed with a double row of green satin vandykes; a white tulle bonnet, with a blonde veil at the back, and a bouquet of blue hyacinths in front completed the toilette. There were many velvet dresses worn on the occasion, and particularly velvets of light colours, such as pale willow green; both dress and petticoat bordered with grey feathers.

Mme. Camille Doucet wore a nazarat velvet dress, the skirt with a long plain train, the bodice trimmed with gimp and black lace, the latter sewn on plain; an Indian cashmere shawl with white ground; a black lace bonnet trimmed with jet and gold, a bouquet of gold berries at the side.

Mlle. Camille Doucet wore a black toilette; a wide satin sash was tied in a bow over her black velvet basquine; the only ornament was a gold band under the black tulle bonnet.

Mme. Tivy (née Cuvillier Fleury) wore a light claret velvet dress, with a Marie Antoinette fichu tied at the back of the waist, over a satin sash that matched her dress in colour; the fichu fell with two wide rounded ends over the back breadth of the skirt; the sleeves were trimmed both at the top and bottom with satin bands cut on the cross, and arranged as bracelets. A claret velvet bonnet, with a gold and steel band inside and a black lace aigrette outside.

Mme. Cuvillier wore a black faille dress, and a black square mantilla in Spanish lace over it. A Bismarck crepe bonnet, with velvet leaves to match, over the forehead, and crepe strings, fastened together with a satin bow on the chest.

I also remarked Mme. and Mlle. Vintry, the Countess de St. Maur, in black silk striped with broad lines of white; a black velvet scarf trimmed with Chantilly lace; white bonnet with a mantilla veil, made of white blonde embroidered by hand, falling over the chignon, and fastened in front with a bouquet of white feathers.

Mme. Augustin Cochon wore a sapphire blue velvet dress, an Indian cashmere shawl, and a white fanchon bonnet, trimmed with velvet leaves and jet ornaments.

At the last concert given at the Tuileries the artistes from the Opéra Comique won great applause by singing several favourite airs from the "Crown Diamonds." Mme. Carvalho and Mlle. Capoul were especially admired; Mlle. Rives, who was heard for the first time (having never before appeared in public) owed her introduction to the Duchess de Mouchy. She sang twice, and with much taste, airs from "La Vestale."

The Empress wore a white tulle dress, a black tunic striped with wide white stripes, and for head-dress a black velvet toque with an agrafe of precious stones at the side, very much in the style of toque that Marie Antoinette wears in several of her well-known portraits. Her Majesty's toilette was completed by a diamond necklace with pearl drops.

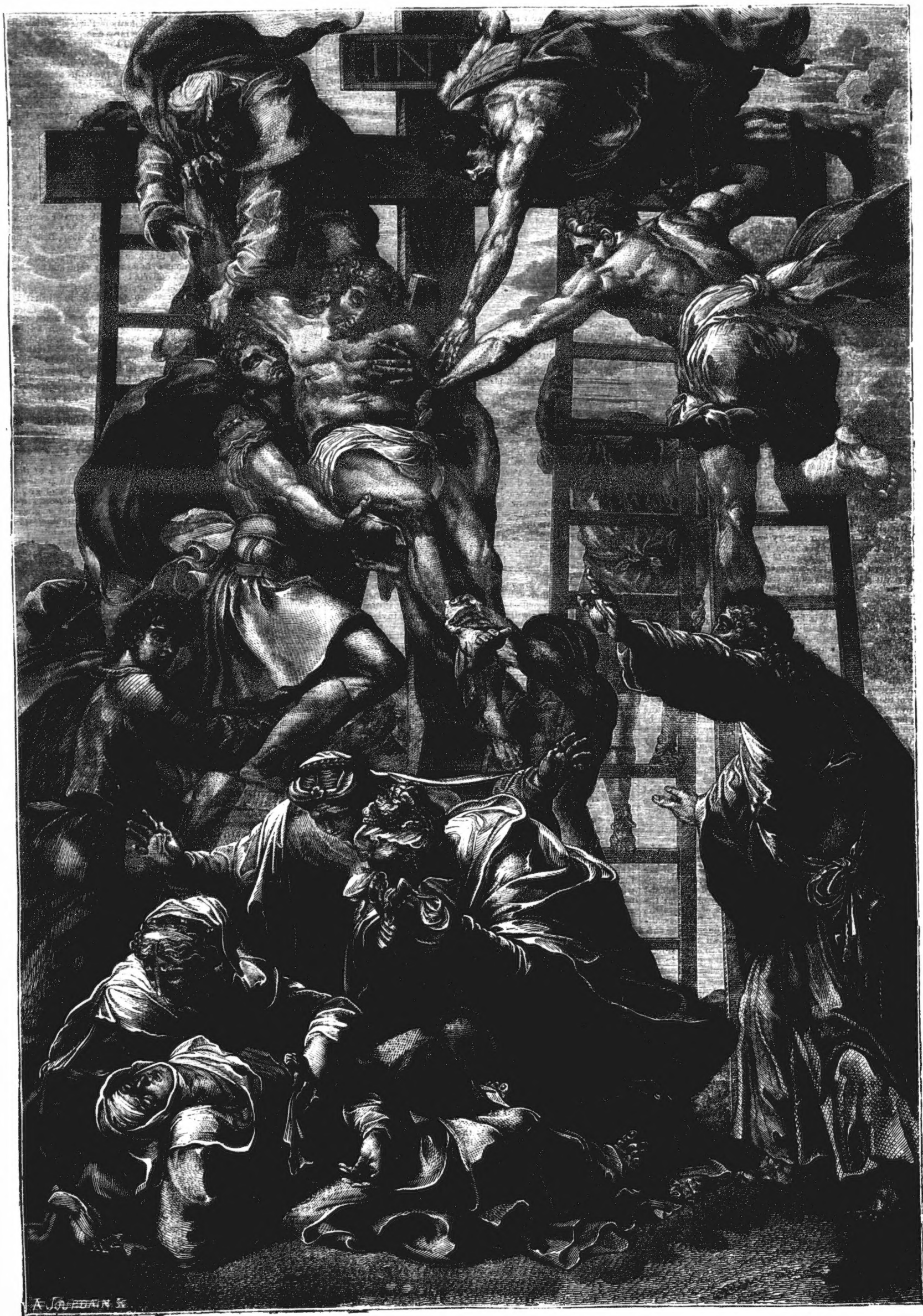
Mme. Canrobert was much admired in a blue tulle dress, and over it a white tunic embroidered all over with white daisies; blue feathers and diamond marguerites for head-dress.

The Baroness Schekler in white, with the rarest parure of black pearls that is known.

One of the prettiest toilettes at the concert was a white tulle dress, bordered with two flounces of lace headed with rouleaux of mauve satin. The skirt was extremely short in front, and the small Marie Antoinette slippers, encasing the smallest feet it is possible to imagine, were distinctly visible. These slippers, which were pointed at the toes, were decorated with large blonde and satin bows, each having a diamond floweret in the centre; the immensely high heels were covered with red silk to conform to tradition. Was it one of these coquettish little slippers which the Emperor picked up during the evening, and pronounced the veritable Cinderella slipper of the fairy tale, and which naughty tongues declared whisperingly had been lost on purpose? But let me refrain from scandalous digression, and complete the description of the toilette. Over the white tulle dress there was a mauve silk tunic bordered with a flounce of point d'Angieterre, looped up very high at the sides, and fastened there with bouquets of Parma violets; the tunic, which was very long at the back and full at the top, was crossed with three wide cash-ends of white lace, decorated in the centre with a rosette composed of white lace and Parma violets. The head-dress consisted of small tufts of Parma violets studded here and there among the curls, and an agrafe of diamonds at the left side of the forehead.

The Baroness Rothschild also gave a good concert a few days afterwards, when the celebrated violinist Mme. Norman Narada was heard, as well as Mme. Moulton, who has been absent from society for some time on account of the delicate state of her health. — *Queen*.

THE SELLING STEEPCHASE AT STREATHAM.—At a meeting of the Committee of the Grand National Steeplechase on Monday last, at which the Earl of Westmoreland and Messrs. Angell, Burton, Carey, and Sumner were present, the flagrant case of "pulling" in the Selling Steeplechase at Streatham was investigated. Ablett, the jockey, who rode the animal pulled, stated that he had acted strictly according to the orders of his employer, Mr. Gilkes, which were, to start, jump a fence or two, and then pull up. The committee, in consequence, decided that Ablett shall be suspended from riding until the 1st of January, 1869; and that Mr. Gilkes shall be prohibited for a period of five years from running any horse in his own name or in that of any other person, at any meeting where the rules of the committee are in force.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS (AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY DANIEL DE VOLTERRE).



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PHILIP LESLIE SEES THE BEST SOCIETY.

WITH two sovereigns, the Viscountess Baddington's card in his pocket, and a light heart in his bosom, Philip Leslie strode away from Mr. Undervamp's Wardour Street Art-repository, building, as he went, castles in the air sufficient to relieve London from the stigma of architectural sterility for years. Money, it has been said, will heal all diseases. I have heard of a gentleman, who, on the receipt of a ten-pound note from his godmother, incontinently recovered from a severe attack of rheumatic gout. It is certain that it is a sovereign remedy for heart-sickness, soul-weariness, faintness of heart-paralysis of will, and nausea of mind.

Our painter was new to London, and found himself cast, as a mere cock-boat upon that mighty ocean, for ever boiling and surging, and, in its insatiable encroachments, submerging islands and continents of suburbs, washing them away with brick and mortar surf, and whorls of waves that roll and moan the whole night-season through. Philip, to use a very common simile, was as tired as a dog; yet he was to the full as lively as the most weary-footed canine traveller, who, in the waste of wandering, has suddenly come on a *fontaine de Jouvence*, with broken meat laid out on its marble brim. To pursue the canine metaphorette, the effect of the two sovereigns, so ungraciously and scornfully bestowed on him by the lady of the veil, had not been unlike that experienced by a dog who has been pelted with marrow-bones: the bones hurt him, but the marrow fed him.

He walked about four hours in that city which might be paved with gold, but which is assuredly roofed with slabs as hard as the nether millstone. He grew more fatigued at every step; but he did not entertain the idea of going to bed—first, because he had a lordly uncertainty as to where he should sleep (having money); secondly, because the scene was so new and strange to him, that he could not resist walking up and down, and going to and fro, in the marvellous streets he encountered, always finding out something new, something astonishing, something prodigious. There are some men whom nothing astonishes, and who, were their grandmother's ghost to rise before them, would confine themselves to a yawning expostulation with the phantom on the impropriety of appearing in a bed-gown; and would finally ring the bell for the housemaid, and bid her show the late Mrs. S. the door. But Philip Leslie had a reverent and an inquiring spirit. The qualities are compatible. He was always asking questions, but he could be astonished to awe at the reply.

So he went up and down, and before midnight struck he had seen Hyde Park Corner and Temple Bar. He had passed great club-houses and windows lighted up, in whose embrasures bald-headed old gentlemen dozed over the evening paper, and through whose plate-glass panes he could see the sumptuous coffee-room dinners laid out, and white-waistcoated diners sipping their wine with a relish which might have been enhanced by the consciousness that their club subscription enabled them to imbibe the best of Port and Burgundy at trade-price; past grand mansions, where there were balls and routs—for routs had not quite gone out of fashion then—where the thoroughfare was blocked up with carriages, where policemen shouted, and coachmen swore, and link-boys darted about almost as nimbly as the pickpockets; past theatres, whose aristocratic audience came mincingly out to their carriages in pink capotes and crush hats—whose humbler patrons rushed feverishly out (for the night was very hot) and dived into oyster-shops, and threw themselves into the consumption of cool beverages with a thirsty frenzy. He straggled down Regent Street, almost blinded with the gas, dazzled and delighted with the shops overflowing with rich merchandise, jostled and hustled by the crowd of bearded foreigners, and shopmen, and milliners' apprentices, just released from the thralldom of the shop, all delighted at having nothing to do, and

doing it to their hearts' content. He paced those two grand streets, Pall Mall and Waterloo Place, whose architectural splendours we somewhat too superciliously sneer at, but which, to my mind, need but a water, instead of a macadamised highway throughout their length, to rival Venice's Grand Sea-streets, and wake the genius of a new Canaletto.

He passed an ugly stone post, with an uglier bronze figure tottering on its summit, and descended a giant staircase into the Park. Among the green leaves and the glimmering gas-lamps he walked a good half-hour, glad as a relief to feel his footsteps fall so noiselessly, and enjoying a temporary rest from the roaring of the carriage-wheel waves. Curiously, too, he peered by times at mysterious figures, clad—the light was strong enough to see that—in dank and greasy rags, who were huddled up on the wooden benches, seemingly asleep. The intuitive perception of poverty taught Philip who these living bundles were. They were destitute, and had no beds. He had changed one of his sovereigns, of course, by this time, and had dined plainly, but plentifully, at a great flaring eating-house in Oxford Street, where a flabby waiter, who seemed—so hot and meaty was he—to perspire pork gravy, had babbled out to him a wondrously incoherent rhapsody about "Veal-an-am-stewed-duck-roast-aunch-lamb's-fry-salmon-verynice, sir," and had slapped down before him a repast served in pewter, which, in flavour, appeared to partake of all the viands he had mentioned.

Philip flung a shilling to one of these forlorn wretches, who received it with a dull grunt, as though he had a settled hatred against society, which could not be appeased by such trifling alms; and appeared to think, moreover, that once without a bed, always without a bed, so hiding the coin in some crevice of his rags, he huddled himself up, hedgehog fashion, and went to sleep again. Yet by some mysterious shibboleth of freemasonry, the secret of the donor's liberality seemed to have been instantaneously telegraphed all over the Park; for battalions of beggars began to debouch from leafy coverts, ragged regiments deployed from before the Horse Guards; from the very ground, even, there seemed to start up beardless and bedless vagabonds—men in rags, children in rags, babies in tatters, octogenarians with no shoes, and their piteous jerkins slashed with ellipses of bare flesh—and they whined and groaned, and anon fled swiftly, as a stalwart form in the distance seemed to presage an approaching policeman. And worse than all these, came floating dimly on the night air—even as the shadowy form of Francesca of Rimini came floating before the sorrowful sight of Dante—dreadful phantoms who should have been women, and young and fair; phantoms with calico bed-gowns and velvet mantles, with rich silk dresses and shawls of tattered lincey-wolsey, with bonnets all flying and fluttering with tarnished ribbons and broken feathers, ghastly and garnish, so that they looked like death's-heads bedizened in pink and blue sarsnet. All these strange and dismal things, regarding with a mournful surprise, the painter fled the Park; and losing his way in the mazes of Westminster, battled for another half-hour in a dreadful labyrinth of choked streets—narrow, crowded, evil-smelling: Great Peter Streets, Rochester Rows, Broadways, Tothill Streets, Blue Anchor Yards, Palmer's Villages, and streets without names, and alleys with no outlets, in a midst of a raging, roaring saturnalia of oaths, hot cel-pies, alcohol, cheap butchers' meat, costermongers' barrows, fried fish, red neckerchiefs, bare necks, bad sixpences, false weights, black eyes, naked feet, torn trousers, monstrous cabbages, rag-shops, comic songs, farthing rushlights, bundles of firewood, the overplus of a four days' old "take" of mackerel, sweetstuff, adulterated beer, stale celery, corduroy jackets, vice, ignorance, crime, and want. For in this guise looked Westminster twenty-two years since; and in that guise it stands now, in the shadow of the great Abbey, and in the rent-roll of the Dean and Chapter, to bear witness against me if I exaggerate.

We Londoners born, who have seen all these things unnumbered times, and come to look at them at last with a stale and accustomed air, cannot help the blunting of our perception of these marvellous contrasts. We see them every day, and they surprise us no longer. But he who is new to this gorgeous Gehenna of a city, shall hardly fail to come away marvelling and pondering,

grieving and rejoicing, from the first contemplation of the night-wonders of London.

The Abbey encompassed the painter round about for many minutes, till he could extricate himself from the filthy toils in which he had become entangled. He saw the two great towers, ever close at hand, so it seemed, yet every effort he essayed to make for them only threw him further back into the howling wilderness. He asked a policeman at last where he was.

"You're in Westminster," answered the functionary; "and if you'll take my advice, you'll get out of it as soon as ever you can."

Several gratuitous hustlings which Philip had already received from ill-looking passers-by, evidently volunteered for the purpose of provoking a collision, made him much disposed to agree with the conclusions of the guardian of the Westminster householders' lives and properties. So, at a venture, he asked his way to Charing Cross, which he had read of as being centrally situated, and where he thought it probable he might obtain a bed. Probable, indeed! had he not near forty shillings about him? The Tavistock would have been proud to receive him, and had he been able to raise a carpet-bag and the loan of a clothes-brush, there is no saying what aristocratic hotel would not have taken him in.

"First turning to the right, second to the left, then go straight on—," the policeman was commencing.

"It's no good," Philip interposed. "You might as well talk Hindostanee to me as tell me my way. Will you show it me?"

The policeman happened to be a good-humoured municipal into whose soul the callousness of long night-duty on dangerous beats had not yet entered, and was, moreover, in a peculiarly amiable temper that evening, having given evidence in the morning, at the Old Bailey, against a resurrection-man, who, owing to the decline of that drama, had turned corner, and whose exile to Van Diemen's Land he had been instrumental in promoting. Z. 92 saw the striped bracelet of a sergeantcy in perspective. So he not only conducted Philip safely out of the Dædalian penitential of Westminster, but did not leave him till he had set him fairly on his way up Whitehall—indicating with his forefinger Charing Cross, "which he might know by the large 'ouse with the lion a top a waggin' of his tail" (a humorous policeman this)—and directed him to a coffee-house, where he could have a bed for a couple of shillings. "The sheets is well aired," he remarked to Philip as a crowning witticism, "and the chamber-maid's very pretty. She squints; but she's civil, and knows her cattycheism like cream-cheese." So saying, he spun the shilling which Philip respectfully tendered him up in the air, in the manner of tossing piemen: and nodding affably to the painter, hummed the refrain of a popular air then in vogue, "All Round my Hat," and went on his merry way—a very Rubelais of the Z. division, jocund in his blue broadcloth, and humorous in his oilskin and his heavily-soled highlows. And how easy it is to make the way of life pleasant!

Philip was far too tired, on his arrival at the haven of rest pointed out by the policeman, to notice the personal appearance of the chamber-maid, particularly from the visual point of view, or to satisfy himself by examination, as to her theological attainments. He went to bed, slept with a dead soundness, was called at ten o'clock in the morning, and rose up with a clear head, hopeful, and almost happy.

Punctuality in keeping appointments was not one of Philip Leslie's virtues; but when he did keep one, he was often an hour before his time, and rarely surprised the person he had to meet by the exact coincidence of his appearance with the time specified. In truth, he had an amazing stock of new brooms in his moral store cupboard; but they soon were worn down to the stump, or else the confining band of withies got loose, and the twigs went away any where. On the present occasion, mindful of Mr. Undervamp's caution of the previous night, he provided himself with a broom, the newest and strongest at his command, sternly determined to sweep the slightest speck of dust from off the pavement of his good intention. He began by investing nearly all his surplus capital in improving the condition of his costume, and by the kindly assistance of a bath and a barber, and the adventitious aid of a Jew tailor, who had so far forgotten the wrongs of his

nation, and his traditional hatred of the Nazarenes, as to offer to all the world his gigantic stock of summer garments at ridiculously low prices, he found himself, within half-an-hour, looking somewhat more like an artist, though still sufficiently poverty-stricken in appearance, and somewhat less like a dusty scarecrow. Young as he was to the ways of London, it is surprising that he should have been able to effect even this metamorphosis with so moderate an outlay. Had he been better acquainted with the inner mysteries of the Great City, he might have changed the semblance of his outer man at even a more reasonable figure. For, look you, he who knows London may issue forth from the Patmos where he bathed overnight—issue forth, ashamed of the morning and its bright light, haggard, dirty, ragged, beaten, bruised, and seemingly hopelessly ceased and tumbled; but, within an hour's time, and at the cost of a few shillings, he may walk down Regent Street a dandy. For there are cunning men, dwelling up occult courts and dubious "buildings" and equivocal "rents," who will mend the wayfarer's torn habiliments, give a new gloss to his soiled broadcloth, paint his black eye with "Solomon's seal" or yellow orpiment, give the lustre of a Venetian mirror to his bankrupt boots, simulate false heels for them, and anoint their leather wounds with sable cobblers' wax, supply him with snowy fronts and false collars, stiff as mill-boards, iron out and build up afresh his compound-fractured hat, wash him, shave him, curl him, oil him, perfume him, send him out as from the nathest of bandboxes, and all within the compass of a crown's expenditure.

There were divers temptations in the way when Philip's toilet was completed—temptations in the shape of print-shops and picture-dealers, which might, under other circumstances, have confined his peregrinations within half a mile of Charing Cross for hours; but he kept Mr. Undercave's caution steadily in his mind; and one had not long struck before he found himself (after much direction, mis-direction, and re-direction) in Curzon Street, Mayfair.

Satisfying himself that he had the best of the venerable sand-boy (the only sand-boy, by the way, who is not jolly)—he walked slowly up and down some dozen times that odd little thread of almost underground stone-paved passage, which runs from Curzon Street to Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, between the high brick

an old lord, who had a young wife, and who was without any very reasonable expectation of a small family, to dwell in. There was a handsome carriage at the door, the same that—oh woe! woe!—Philip had seen the night before in Wardour Street. The heart of the painter sank within him, as he saw the tall horse, the tall funkeys, and the rosy coachman.

The door was closed. There was a knocker in its midst, so grimly leonine in its cast-iron expression, so relentless—so the wretched painter fancied—towards those who were unpunctual in keeping their appointments, that he dared not, for the life of him, have raised that knocker, even to inflict a single rap on the boss on the panel. There were two evilly-disposed looking bells, too, one on either side of the door: one labelled "Visitors," the other "Servants." Pride and fear had a hard tussle of it in Philip's perturbed mind, as to which tintinabulum was to be sounded. Pride said "Visitors"—he was an artist, and a gentleman. A gentleman, God help him! Fear said "Servants"—he was an artist; but such a wretchedly poor one; and then, was he not twenty minutes behind his time?

Pride had the best of it at last, and he pulled the "visitors" bell, softly, as he thought, but it rang out with such a sonorous re-echoing, that he felt half-disposed again to run for it.

"What might you want?" asked the same majestic flunkey whom he had seen in Wardour Street, as, opening the door, he held it half-ajar, as though afraid that the bell-ringer were some wild animal whom it would have been dangerous to admit. The footman had seen him before; but it was between the lights, almost at dark; and who can expect these ethereal beings to have common mundane memories?

"This card," the painter said, shortly, handing the lacquey the Viscountess of Baddington's talismanic pasteboard.

The footman glanced at the card, and relaxed the vigour of his defence of the aristocratic fortress, so far as to admit Philip within the door. Then, when he had him on an island of door-mat in an ocean of vestibule, chequered in black and white marble, he condescended to cross-question him again.

"Any name?"

"Mr. Leslie," the painter answered. "I was to call at one



MR. NOBODY VISITS THE PROFESSOR.

garden walls of two lordly mansions. And there, another refuge from the wheel-waves—there, where there was a sweet country sound of leaves rustling and rooks cawing, and where the distantly-musical butcher or baker's boy might have been heard whistling o'er the lea, he fell to building castles, and musing and musing again.

Why was the Viscountess Baddington? Why was she married? Why was she always to be married to some body—engaged to some body else? Why was he always to be falling in love with the wrong person? Falling in love—rather, tumbling into! jumping into love, burglariously forcing his way into love! for a Viscountess, and a married Viscountess, must be as a fountain sealed, and as a gate walled up, and as a temple barred with steel and with adamant.

Some men have a faculty for falling in love with the wrong woman. I have. Why did I fall in love with the young person aged forty, marked with the smallpox, and with the stoop in the shoulders, when the grocer's daughter would have had me?—(he told me so afterwards, when she herself was wrong. I quarrelled with her because she insisted on pronouncing February "Febuary." I was a fool.) The young person aged forty died, and the grocer's daughter married the shopman, and they live at Clapham Rise, and have land and bees, or at least money in the Three Per Cents. which is as good, if not better than bees. Why did I—

Why did Philip Leslie saunter up and down the stone-paved passage, while the leaves rustled and the rooks cawed, building those absurd air-castles of his, till a neighbouring church-clock struck the quarter after the hour; but not a quarter after twelve, no—misery of man!—a quarter past one?

He fled the passage as though he had just slain a kin-man or a dear friend, or shot a robin-redbreast, or wrung the neck of an albatross, or committed some dark and dreadful deed of the kind. Late again; always too late.

A dozen times, as he made a half-running, half-limping progress towards the awful "14" in Curzon Street, he resolved to abandon the "Cottage-door," and his patroness, for good and all. He would run away again—but whither? He would enlist for a soldier—he wasn't athletic enough; he would enter as a sailor on board a man-of-war—who would have him, a lubberly landsman, even for a loblolly boy? No; he would risk the ire of that scornful patroness, be the consequences what they might.

Number 14 was a narrow slip of a mansion;—they have re-numbered the houses since, and the Curzon Street of the day knows not its former numerals—a mansion just large enough for

o'clock, by appointment, on Lady Baddington, but I unfortunately overplayed the time by one quarter of an hour."

"Mr. Leslie," the footman repeated, moving towards the staircase. He seemed sublimely heedless of the last part of the painter's communication, but emphasised the "Mister," as though he thought it rather a liberty than otherwise for a man with such a shabby look about him to give himself a handle to his name, and ring the visitors' bell.

Did your blood never boil, dear reader, at the insolence of a footman? Or, perhaps, you have been happy enough to avoid contact throughout your life with that plush-legged, plush-souled class. There is a philosopher I have heard of—a captain, who goes about London and attends all levees and drawing-rooms, balls and soirées (the exterior thereof, I mean) with a penny cane, for the express purpose of thrashing the footmen's calves, when he can catch them perched on the footboard behind the carriage. He does so, he says, in the discharge of a high moral duty.

He castigates those liveried varlets, not as men, but as footmen. I revere that martial philosopher's code, and only wish that my terror of the law of assault did not hinder me from following his example.

The footman came down after the lapse of a few minutes, and saying archly, "You're to wait," exchanged a wink of portentous significance with an obese porter, who was dozing like a hippopotamus in gold lace in a huge black leathern arbour studded with gilt nails. He so far derogated from the icy haughtiness of his manner as to point out to the "visitor" a very hard, polished hall-chair, with the Baddington arms emblazoned on the back; and on this French-polished stool of repentance Philip Leslie sat, biting his lips, till the hands of the Baddington hall-clock marked two past meridian.

Then a bell rang from above, not with an angry clangour, but with a clear, silvery, composed sound. The footman went upstairs, came down again, and addressed the painter:

"You're to step this way, if you pliz," he vouchsafed to remark.

He said "pliz," instead of "please," probably as a compromise between saying something polite and something rude. Philip Leslie followed the footman up the softly-carpeted stairs, through an ante-chamber and a drawing-room, and at last into a deliciously-furnished boudoir. Here the footman indicated again a chair, but a far different one from the hard-polished sedilla below stairs; and, with another intimation that he was to wait, disappeared.

"Carriage is to wait, Tummas," the footman remarked to the fat hall-porter. "The old un's a-goin' out."

"Sure-lye!" the hippopotamus in gold lace returned. "And where may my lord be a-goin' now, John-Peter?" Life was a reverent man, this hippopotamus, and said "my lord."

"Why, of all places in the world, said the footman addressed as John-Peter, "to Noogate prison."

"To Noogate prison! to Noogate prison!" mused the fat porter; "what the dickens can be a-goin' a-wisitin' to Noogate prison for?"

"To see his relations, 'praps," the sardonic John-Peter suggested.

"Ah, sure-lye, sure-lye," said the fat porter; "sure-lye."

How long he might have gone on soliloquising is uncertain; but at this moment the soft cushions of the black leathern arbour, studded with gilt nails, asserted their influence over him, and he fell into a fat-headed slumber.

CHAPTER XXV.

YOUTH AT THE HELM AND PLEASURE AT THE PROW.

A THICK, soft, moelleux Aubusson carpet, so thick and soft that a giant in his seven-league boots might have stridden over it without making more noise than a white mouse, in those delicate pink slippers with which Nature has gifted that pretty but unpleasantly-perfumed little quadruped; a ceiling covered with fluted white and blue satin with silver rosettes, and from whose centre hung a swing-lamp, formed by a silver Cupid holding a censer; walls hung with an arabesque pattern in pale blue damask; a doorway veiled by a richly-embroidered curtain, with a ground of deep blue velvet; an abundance of ottomans, *causeries*, *boudoirs*, *sofistaires*, "*poufs*,"—multitudinous inventions of astute upholsterers for enervating the art of sitting into that of lounging; frail tables and *etageres*, in ebony, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, among which the eager eyes of the Painter noticed a marvellous cabinet, with open doors of filagree, and whose shelves and summit were crowded with delicate little artistic playthings—sugar-plums of refined taste, enamel and miniatures by Petitot and Zinke, ivory carvings, diminutive tea services in porcelain, of that lustre and glaze known as the "Grand Mandarin," and the secret of which is lost now, even to the Chinese themselves; varied little scraps of Majolica and Palissy ware, and silly amorous little marchionesses disguised as shepherdesses, and shepherds disguised as marquises, in Dresden china. But the fittings of the boudoir were not confined to art-curiosities alone. There was a magnificent vase in Sevres porcelain, painted with the story of Cupid and Psyche, and filled with the rarest flowers; there hung on the walls six or eight water-colour drawings, by masters of fame—Philip knew their characteristics at a glance; a charming little Dutch interior—perhaps a Mieris, which, in its unapproachable excellence of execution, made him sigh for the inferiority of the "Cottage-door," and a superb Greuze, in a carved frame of ebony and mother-of-pearl. There was to be seen—it was difficult to imagine how so many objects could ever find place in the boudoir—a wondrous little cabinet piano, all ebony and marqueterie work, nestling in one corner. There were two windows in the boudoir, hung with diaphanous curtains of pale blue silk and lace; but the window-glass itself was discreetly ground, that the effect of the art-treasures within might not be neutralised by the brick and mortar vulgarities of over the way in Curzon Street. And, opposite the door, a glazed recess contained a tiny conservatory, where gigantic trailing and climbing exotics seemed eager to hug the whole diminutive palace with their Briarian limbs, and crush it altogether, and in whose midst, among plants and flowers of the brightest hues, a miniature fountain threw up a dazzling jet, and sprayed in its descent the rippled surface of the water in an alabaster basin. And all over the boudoir lay, scattered in enchanting confusion, exquisite little knick-knacks—jewelled bouquet-holders, feathery fans, caskets of malachite, paper knives in Damascened silver, with coral-sprig handles, albums and keepsakes, and scrapbooks, blushing in morocco and rich gilding. It was a place for a thief to have the run of one short half hour, and come out too rich ever to care about stealing again.

Have I forgotten aught in the boudoir? Ay, one little thing. A slender easel in polished maplewood—an easel fitted with every subtle improvement and nice device to make a royal road to painting that the most courtly artists' colourman could invent or patent. An open colour-box stood by the side of the easel; a palette and its brushes were carelessly thrown on a stool before—a stool embroidered in rich needlework; and on the easel itself was a canvas, stretched on its frame, but with its back turned to Philip. For the life of him, the painter could not resist the temptation of turning round this canvas, to see if there were anything painted on the other side. It was a breach of confidence he felt, guiltily, as he committed the act. He would as soon have dreamt of breaking open the seal of a letter addressed to a stranger, as of opening one of the gilt and embossed books on the table; but the temptation of looking at this possible picture, with its face to the easel, was too much for him. So he turned it, and gazed upon it.

It was the half-length of a woman, life-size—a woman arrayed in a costume half classical, half oriental, with a species of jewelled diadem on her brow, who, with her bare arm extended high, clutched a jewelled goblet. It was a face so beautiful, so refined, yet so hardened and scornful, with its pale yellow hair, and cold blue eyes, and exquisitely-formed yet thin and close-set lips, that Philip remained gazing at it, minute after minute, forgetful of where he was, careless of the danger he was incurring.

"No woman ever painted that head," he muttered, half aloud. "The head! pshaw, that arm alone shows the power of a master. What force, what power of drawing; how grandly the muscles are indicated, how nobly the drapery falls! And the goblet too! By Jove, what colour! What reflected lights! Ah! unfinished I see. She must have picked it up at Rome, or somewhere abroad, and won't allow it to be touched now. I know that I wouldn't dare to put brush to it. And yet, no; why, I declare the colours are wet. Can she—"

A spiteful little clock, with snaky fingers twinkling in gold on a dial-head of blue enamel, clicked out the hour of two, with accents as bitter as the tongue of a calumniator, ending its performance with a sharp, ringing little chuckle. The Painter, startled by the chime as though he had been Macbeth, and had heard the fateful bell of Glamis, hastily raised his hand to replace the picture in its original position; but he was too late again. Louder than the chuckle of the clock, the unfortunate heard the rustle of silk and lace, and turning his head, beheld the Scornful Lady standing in the doorway, holding aside the tapestry, and gazing at him with inexorable eyes.

Down, with a crash, fell the portrait of the woman with the diadem—down on the Aubusson carpet—luckily on its back. Devoutly did Philip wish that he too could fall, not on the carpet, but right through it and the flooring, and into the coal cellar in Curzon Street, and so into George Street, Sydney, supposing that point of the antipodes to be just within plummet distance, to the bottomless depths of a limbo of annihilation.

"You begin well," Lady Baddington said.

Philip felt as though he were choking, and so, discreetly, said nothing.

"Pick up the picture."

Being addressed as a slave, he obeyed as a slave, and tremblingly stooping, replaced the picture on the easel. It had suffered no injury. Unluckily, Philip omitted to turn its face to the easel again; and leaving it there at a signal from Lady Baddington, felt now that he had two pairs of stern eyes gazing at him instead of one. Having picked up the picture, his next impulse was to

pick up his hat, and fly from this bonjour of torture; but the cruel footman had taken away his head-gear, and was, very probably at that moment disdainfully perusing the name and address of his chapelier. It was a second-hand hat, bought, cheap. Philip was bound to the stake as tightly as a Mahomedan, who has been taken prisoner, and is about to be "operated" upon by the Pawnee.

He felt so immeasurably debased standing, or rather shambling, in the centre of the rich carpet—shabby, and worn, and mean-looking, in the midst of all this splendour; he felt so wretched, abandoned, despised a wayfarer, that, strong man as he was, he felt inclined to burst out weeping. Despair him not, oh reader of the strong mind, if a tear did, indeed, tremble on his eyelid. It is weak, pusillanimous, womanish to cry; but there are times when we must either cry or die. He had not asked the patronage of this rich, beautiful woman. He would sooner have taken a crown and a curse from a coarse wretch like Undervamp, than a purse of gold from this cold Viscountess in lace, whose very condescension seemed an insult. He hung his head to hide the tear which might have been ready to roll down his cheek.

(To be continued.)

HOUSEHOLD REFORM.

We perceive that many tradesmen, partially adopting the hint for attracting customers by giving to them the benefit of cash payments, are advertising that they make an allowance for ready money—of what? Twenty, fifteen, or even ten per cent.? By no means, but only a miserable offer of five per cent.! Cash payment is equal to 20 per cent.—that is to say, that the tradesman would make more profit by a ready money trade with five per cent. profit upon the price of his goods, than by a credit trade with 25 per cent. profit. Wherefore, then, should not the ready-money customer have the full benefit of his cash payment? Why is he to be put off with so miserable a deduction from the credit price? The tradesmen who have done this cannot surely expect by such a bidding to keep their ready-money customers. The fact is, we fear, they will not realise the situation. For some unknown reasons, they are reluctant to adopt the only means of salvation—the double price list, giving to cash all that it is entitled to, and adding to credit prices the entire burden which credit imposes. Still there is a hankering after the old system of making the good customer pay for the bad one—the ready money for the credit. Certainly five per cent., and on most articles ten per cent., will not suffer for justice to the ready-money customer; and the stores will continue to flourish, and the shops to decline, until far better inducements are offered than those now making their appearance in the newspapers. When better offers are made, we shall be happy to record them for the benefit of the housekeepers of England.

We now turn to the subject of servants' fees and perquisites. The tradesmen justly complain of this tax, which compels them to add to prices, and so brings them into discredit with their customers. It is notorious that the cook expects to be well paid by all the shops that supply edibles for the family. If payment of accounts is entrusted to a servant, a commission is expected. A new tradesman pays for his introduction; not to conform to the custom in this respect would secure speedy dismissal. The tradesmen would be well pleased to be relieved from this tyranny, but they cannot help themselves; they are at the mercy of the extortioner. So long as the bad practice continues, the tradesmen must maintain prices that will recoup to them the heavy burden thus imposed on them. It comes in the end out of the master's pocket. The master only can put a stop to it, and it is necessarily his interest to do so.

The housekeeper who would reform this great abuse must begin by giving notice to all her tradesmen that she will not sanction fees to her servants, who should be informed of the notice so given, with an intimation that complaints against tradesmen must be accompanied with specimens of the articles complained of. The tradesman must be permitted to see the specimen and answer the complaints; and he should not be dismissed unless he fails to answer satisfactorily. Better still it would be if the housekeeper, instead of leaving such matters to her servants, would perform her proper duty, and pass all the goods sent by tradesmen under her own inspection, before they are given out to the servant. By this not very troublesome or tedious task she would protect herself, not only against the wrongful fault-finding of the cook, but the too frequent impositions of the tradesman. She should have a roomy store cupboard, into which every article from the shops should be placed before it is given out. In this cupboard should be ranged a sufficient number of jars and boxes for the purpose, each labelled with the name of the article it is to contain. Every parcel should be opened by herself, and its contents placed by herself in its proper receptacle; for thus she would be enabled to satisfy herself that they are of the right quantity and quality; and the jars might easily be made to indicate the weight of their contents. Whatever is required for the household should be given out from the cupboard, never from the parcel itself. If more accuracy is desired, a slate hung within the door of the cupboard would note the quantities given out daily.

As a general rule we do not approve of the practice of keeping large stores; it encourages waste. More sugar will be taken from a large basin than from a small one. Tea taken out by the hand will be more lavishly used than when poured from a packet. The trouble of sending for more often protracts the use of that which remains. Mistress and servant are equally unthrifty in this. But if, as in country places, and when dealing at a store, quantities are necessary, the prudent housekeeper will avoid the temptation to extravagance in the face of quantity by making it an invariable rule to give out everything by weight, measure, or number. Weighing is troublesome, and measures will be found sufficiently accurate for the purpose.

Above all, pay your own bills; never send your servants. The writer of this has bought experience dearly. Accustomed to pay his butcher weekly, he was surprised one day to receive from him a note, stating that the account was £60 in arrear, and, knowing our regular habits of business, the butcher thought it his duty to notify the fact. We had made the usual weekly allowance for house-keeping, and in alarm we hastened to the tradesman. He apologised for writing, but the cook had informed him that we allowed a sum for house-keeping, but that Mrs. — (our wife) spent part of the allowance in dress, and thus the arrear had accumulated. The butcher added that it was so common an occurrence for ladies thus to cheat their husbands, that he did not doubt the servant's statement, and was reluctant to inform us of it until the growing arrear was of serious amount. Upon inquiry at home it appeared that the cook had been entrusted with the money to pay the weekly bills; that she had paid them only partially, but always bringing them back to her mistress with a forged receipt; that in this manner she had robbed us of nearly £100 in a few months; and that she had told this story to the butcher to prevent application for the debt, and consequent discovery. On searching £30 in gold was found in her box, but the rest was disposed of. Hence our earnest exhortation to housekeepers to pay their bills personally or by cheque, never by the hands of servants; with this further advantage, that the tradesman will not be mulcted of the commission which the servant exacts, and which he will charge in the next account in the shape of increased prices.—*Queen.*

THE BRAZILIAN MAIL.—The Brazilian mail brings the important information that the Allies had at length passed the fortress of Humaita, forced all the obstacles in the Parana, and pushed on to and captured Asuncion, the Paraguayan capital. It is also announced that General Flores, President of Uruguay has been assassinated.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The twenty-first season of this great establishment opened on Monday week with "Norma," Mdlle. Antonietta Fricki sustaining the part of the High Priestess of the Druids, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington appearing as Adalgisa; Signor Naudin being Pollio, and Signor Capponi Oroveso. The cast, if our memory does not fail us, is nearly identical with that of last year. The performance is principally noticeable for the marked improvement as a dramatic singer betokened by Mdlle. Fricki. This lady, always a favourite with the audiences of the Royal Italian Opera from the pleasing character of her voice, the brilliancy of her vocalisation, and her graceful and natural style of acting, occasionally appeared to us wanting in that histrionic impulse and spontaneity of passion which were necessitated for certain parts belonging to her repertory—to wit, Norma and Donna Anna—and which, therefore fell short of all that might have been desired in the performance. Mdlle. Fricki's energy is now unrestrained by any timidity or consideration of attempting too much, and she throws herself into the character with a force and impetuosity that certainly, on Monday night, must have surprised her greatest admirers in past seasons. Without entering into further particulars we may state that in all the great scenes—more especially the finale to the first act, in which occurs the tremendous oblation of Pollio, "Ah! non tremare," and in the scene with the Roman Proconsul at the end—Mdlle. Fricki exhibited dramatic powers and instincts of a very high order, and carried her audience with her in every scene. The pathos and intense expression so noticeable formerly in the interviews with Adalgisa, the children, and Oroveso, were again exceedingly impressive, and made a great effect. Mdlle. Fricki, we are informed, has been playing Norma during the winter with immense *clat* in Italy; we can readily understand this, as her performance of the Druid Priestess is now a remarkable one and bound to achieve the highest honours. The commencement of the season was in the highest degree gratifying, and, judging from the well-filled state of the house, the interest taken in the singers and the performances, and the heartiness of the applause, no opening night could herald the future with greater significance.—On Thursday Verdi's "Don Carlos" was given with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (Elizabeth), Mdlle. Fricki (Princess Eboli), Mdlle. Doria (Lebald), Signor Naudin (Carlos), Signor Graziani (Rodrigo), Signor Baggiolo (Grand Inquisitor), M. Petit (Philip II.), Signor Rossi (Herald), and Signor Fallar (Friar).—On Saturday Signor Mario made his first appearance in the part of the Duke in "Rigoletto," with Signor Graziani as the Jester, Signor Tagliacozzo as Sparafucile, Mdlle. Fioretta as Gilda, and Mdlle. Mayer (her first appearance) as Maddalena.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—"Lucrezia Borgia," the opera given on the opening night, and "Semiramide," performed on Tuesday, were to have been followed on Thursday by a repetition of Donizetti's opera. The east winds, however—so prevalent in the spring and so inimical to singers at this period of the year—were adverse. Mdlle. Titieni was suffering from cold, and Signor Fraschini was labouring under a similar affection. Fortunately, although many of the leading members of Mr. Mapleson's company had not yet arrived, there were sufficient artists at hand, independent of Mdlle. Titieni and Signor Fraschini, to perform in another opera, and a very admirable performance of the immortal "Barbieri" was the result. Madame Trebelli Bettini's Rosina is one of her most brilliant and effective impersonations, and in the singing has the rare merit—so dear to all the lovers of Rossini's music—of adhering closely to the text. Signor Gassier is one of the most bustling and mercurial of Figaroes; Signor Bettini sings the music of Count Almaviva with great facility and undeniable taste; whilst Signor Foli makes a most capital Basilio, giving the magnificent air "La Calunnia" with finer quality and greater mellowness of voice than we can recall in any singer for many years. In the lesson scene Madame Trebelli introduced a waltz by Signor Alary—which was like placing a winter pear on a dish of luscious peaches—no offence to Signor Alary, who writes so brilliantly for the voice. It speaks no little for the specific excellence of Mr. Mapleson's artists that they were enabled to sing—on two consecutive nights, with nearly a total change of the leading performers in the cast—two of the most legitimate Italian operas of Rossini, requiring the very highest vocal attainments and capabilities. Perhaps at no other theatre in the world could "Semiramide" be played in so complete and masterly a manner as at Her Majesty's Opera. On Saturday evening, Mdlle. Clara Louisa Kellogg, the young and celebrated American artist, who last year, in the winter season of Her Majesty's Theatre, created so powerful an impression, made her re-appearance as Violetta in "La Traviata," a character in which she achieved, perhaps, her highest honours in her first engagement in England. The fair American songstress had essayed in her brief engagement with Mr. Mapleson the parts of Marguerite in "Faust," Linda in "Linda di Chamouni," Zerlina in "Don Giovanni," Maria in Flotow's opera, and Violetta in "La Traviata." Mdlle. Kellogg at once ingratiated herself into the favour of English audiences. There were no two opinions about her as a singer or actress. Mdlle. Rose Hersée, one of the most popular of our young concert singers, and, we may add, one of the most accomplished, performed the small part of Amina, the attendant of Violetta, in so thoroughly a graceful and artistic manner as to leave nothing whatsoever to be desired.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—At the concert on Saturday the selection comprised Weber's "Jubel" overture; the duet, "No, Mathilde," from "Matilda di Shabran," by Rossini (not Donizetti, as the bills informed us); and Mr. John Francis Barnett's new cantata "The Ancient Mariner," which, on its first production at the Birmingham festival last year, achieved so honourable a success. The quartet of singers in the cantata were represented by Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunde Doria (the first appearance of the young ladies at the Crystal Palace); Mr. George Perren and Mr. Benwick, supported by the Crystal Palace choir. The cantata was conducted by the composer. As far as the band and chorus were concerned, the execution was remarkable for its excellence, and Mr. Barnett must have been perfectly satisfied. The Mdlles. Doria have undoubted merit, and in their singing betokened the careful discipline they had undergone during their sojourn in Italy; but the soprano music having been written, we may presume for the great voice of Mdlle. Titieni, and having been sung by that artist with unparalleled effect, to those who heard the performance in Birmingham there was a manifest difference. Mr. George Perren is a conscientious singer and is always correct and musician-like, and Mr. Benwick has a fine voice. The cantata was heard throughout with much favour, and was greatly applauded. The music for the most part is so tuneful and natural, the instrumentation so brilliant and masterly, and the whole piece is so instinct with dramatic feeling and so richly coloured, that it must be a dull ear indeed that could not understand, and a duller that, understanding, would not applaud. Few works produced by so young a composer have been so eminently successful, and the reception awarded to "The Ancient Mariner," both in and out of London, must needs stimulate Mr. Barnett to higher efforts in composition, for, however beautiful as a poem, "The Ancient Mariner" is but a fantastic subject for musical illustration.

TORTURE IN INDIA.—The *Delhi Gazette* says there is a report of a dreadful case of torture by the police at Howrah. In order to induce a man to make a confession about a theft that had taken place, a lota full of wasps was fastened mouth downwards on the man's stomach. After suffering this shocking and inhuman treatment the poor wretch was brought out and mercilessly beaten by the head constable in the presence of the European inspector. The case is before the deputy-magistrate.

LITERATURE.

"The Life of John Lonsdale, Bishop of Lichfield; with some of his Writings." Edited by his Son-in-Law, Edmund Beckett Denison, L.L.D. (Murray.)

As a fair sample of Mr. Denison's book, we may take a passage which refers to a matter which is still of importance:—

"The 'Table of prohibited degrees' usually printed in prayer books, is no part of the legal prayer book: the Church of England has nowhere defined what degrees are prohibited by God's law; the only words about these marriages in the Bible are, in the judgment of the Commissioners, rather in favour of than against them; and there is no evidence of any such prohibition in the first three centuries. This is not the place to discuss the question, except so far as Bishop Lonsdale was concerned in it. I therefore go on to state that when a Bill for repealing the Act of 1835 came up to the Lords from the Commons a few years afterwards, Bishop Blomfield announced the discovery that the marriages were prohibited in the earliest times, by the 'Apostolical Canons': not knowing that even Dr. Pusey had given them up as a forgery of the fourth century; and having (incredible as it seems) not even read enough of them to see that he had contrived by his own two marriages to violate every one of the four 'Apostolical Canons' which relate to matrimony, except the one he wanted for his argument. He was too honest a man to deceive the House of Lords intentionally, to say nothing of the inevitable exposure of himself: he had evidently been misled by somebody, and plunged into this double blunder with characteristic rashness. The Bishop of Exeter was still bolder. He assured the Lords that he could prove no less surprising a proposition than that Herodias's first husband was dead before she married his brother. When his proof was published it turned out to be a mere guess of his own at a new interpretation of Josephus's account; which shows that Philip was alive, even more clearly than Matt. xiv. and Mark vi. And when he published a 'Letter to the Bishop of Lichfield' on the subject in 1860, he was silent about his Herodian discovery; which, if true, was worth more than volumes of argument about 'the opinion of the Church.' The nature of the discovery had of course been exposed. The cause of that letter was his displeasure at Bishop Lonsdale having authorised Lord Granville to tell the House of Lords that his opinion of the lawfulness of such marriages was unchanged. He tried also, with what success may be imagined, to crush one of the first Hebrew scholars in the world, the late Dr. McCaul, who had published his opinion, concurring with that of the chief Jewish Rabbi, that there is no ground in Leviticus xviii. for the prohibition, but rather the contrary."

Of the lighter portions of the volume, the following is the best. Mr. Denison is speaking of the prelate's love of good stories:—

"Here is one, of a kind which he particularly enjoyed: A bustling man in a railway carriage said, 'I should like to meet that bishop of —, I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him.' 'Very well,' said a voice out of another corner, 'then now is your time, for I am the bishop of.' [It may easily be guessed what] the man was rather startled, but presently recovered, and said, 'Well, my Lord, can you tell me the way to Heaven?' 'Nothing is easier,' answered the bishop; 'you have only to turn to the right, and go straight forward.' Among the stories of Bishop Blomfield (not already published in his *Life*) our bishop was fond of this one, which was current at Bowness, where he spent several of his summer holidays. One day when the Bishop of London was just starting for a journey among the lakes, the waiter told him a gentleman wanted to see him. A rather freely-talking person to whom he was complaining of being so stopped said, 'I should think you'd be the waiter?' he answered, 'No, I need the gentleman. Again, he was asked, when he was an archdeacon, to certify that a paragonage required some repairs, which belonged to a man who had stuffed birds and beasts all over it, and who said to him, 'You see this staircase is very weak.' 'he answered, 'Well, I am sure it smells strong enough.'"

"La Montagne." Par J. Michelet. (Paris. Lacroix, Verboeckhoven et Cie.)

M. MICHELET expends the greatest part of his affection on the Alpine Flora, and watches the little loves of the blue gentian and the campanula with unvarying tenderness through a microscope.

This is his account of the courtship of his "noble" blue gentian:—

"You would do a great wrong to my imperceptible little lover if you thought his passion only corresponded with his size. Passion creates a language for him. He finds a voice in his colour. He finds a voice in his heat. He does not talk stilly like ourselves of 'My fire, my flame,' but changes the temperature all around his beloved. She feels a very gentle flame, which is *he* and *love* itself. Lamarck observed this first in the flower of the arum. The fire in the same way at night lights itself forth in its spark of light. The delicate thermometer of Walfordin, which are placed in the flower between the lovers, permit us to measure the degrees of their passion. It goes beyond anything we know of animals. In one flower (the capucine) the male in ten hours, consumes an enormous amount of oxygen, sixteen times its own volume. What must happen, then, in the flowers of the tropics, in the vegetable fury of Java and Borneo? This heat certainly has the effect of making gentle and sympathetic the object of his passion. But this is not enough. All love has its magic, its secrets, its arts of fascination. The birds have their plumage, their song. All animals have their grace of movement. By that they exercise a magnetic influence. But his perfume forms the magnetic magic of the vegetable lover; that is his invincible incantation. He beseeches her, fascinates her, overpowers her with his odour. A divine language and truth—ravishing, irresistible. If we, indeed, strangers to this delicate little world, are so sensible of these sweet emanations,—if a lady is sometimes thrown into emotion in spite of herself, and troubled by them, what must be the case with the little *ladyflower*? How penetrated, imbued with the odorous scent which envelops her, which invades her, must she be overcome in advance—and more than overcome, transformed."

"Espanola Fantasia." For the Pianoforte. By George Forbes. London: Boosey and Co., Holles-street.

This is a brilliant and dashing piece of music, requiring skillful execution and a firm touch. It might be played with satisfaction by an accomplished musician in a drawing-room where the rivalry of the piano engages the attention of the ladies. After all, the difficulty is but moderate, and may be easily mastered by a little practice, which it really deserves, as it possesses considerable merit.

"Clochette." Transcribed by Wilhelm Kuhs. London: Boosey and Co.

THIS song of Arthur Schreyer's, as sung by Madame Sherrington, has become a great favourite, and we are not surprised that Herr Kuhs should have tried his facile hand upon it. Nothing could be prettier than the result, and no lady's portfolio will be complete without it.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM AT COLESHILL.—An ancient custom at Colleshill, in Warwick, provides that if the young men of the place can catch a hare, and bring it to the parson of the parish before ten o'clock on Easter morning, he is bound to give them a calf's head and a hundred of eggs for their breakfast and a groat in money.—*Easter Annual.*

POPULAR MISOGYNY.

A CERTAIN writer, who need no longer be indicated particularly, having disclosed to fathers and mothers that the girl of the period daubs her face with paint, and spends her days and nights in the reduction of man-trapping to a system, attacks the ladies again from another point. On this occasion the great censor who is now at work in the feminine department of one of our contemporaries turns his chaste eyes away from the typical creature who studies the costume and graces of the demi-monde to woman in the abstract and as we are to find her in the future. He has discovered "a real human soul" under the vanity and idleness which vexed his spirit, and has a prophetic instinct as to its destiny. He cries out that lady barristers are imminent, doctresses disturb him already by anticipation, and his "pulse throbs a little awkwardly at the thought of being tested by medical fingers and thumbs of such a delicate order." He asks the sex to pause before realising the poetry of Mr. Tennyson and the enfranchising principles of Mr. Mill. And then he goes on his old track, repeating those airy gambols which have attracted the notice of all who can appreciate pure and wholesome literature. For the hundredth time we get the fine touches alternating between millinery and morals, the inevitable curate is lugged in (there is always a curate in these articles, treated about as kindly as one of those gentlemen might be when dished according to Sydney Smith for the luncheon of a New Zealand chief), the little string of accomplishments is played upon, and as a *coup de grace* the writer knocks down both man and woman by telling us that he does not think there will be the difference of a bonnet between the sexes if ladies are tempted from their present state of polite idiocy. This sort of thing is not new, but there is an attempt to elevate it, so to speak, into a fine art, which is worth a little notice. The professor of misogyny, of misogyny for the market, is almost necessarily more a student of books than of human nature. He must get up his Aristophanes

innocuous. It is rather useful than otherwise to have the princess and the other jokes, the lady doctor and the lady barrister, let off before we come to deal seriously, as we shall doubtless have to do, with the question of woman's education and of employment for women. The mischief of it is limited to its power of forming a narrow social opinion on those topics amongst people who are accustomed to accept it as a clever show of intellectual contortioning. Once we have a true estimate of its value, a true standard by which to judge it, it ceases to be potent for good or for evil, and serves to amuse. It should be, we venture to suggest, kept within the bounds of moderation. Popular misogyny helped to produce the horse-collar grinning which went on in the House of Commons during Mr. Mill's speech last session on the "person" clause. It also furnishes silly young men with those rapid impertinences which silly young women regard as miraculously sharp, and tends perhaps to keep other young men in that unhappy state which one of our contemporaries some time ago illustrated by a reference to the desolate freedom of the wild ass. Cynicism such as we write of must be made to keep its place. When it pokes its fun at schemes of education and reform of a "pressing and serious nature, when Peeping Tom begins to gabble, it is time to ask for misogyny in abatement. Besides, we really think the taste for it is cooling. How much more fun can be squeezed out of the subjects of curates and ladies we cannot undertake to say, but it strikes us that the skilled misogynist is rapidly exhausting his fancy.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

THE FOOD SUPPLIED TO PRISONERS.

It seems to us probable that sufficient attention is not given to the quality and preparation of the food supplied to prisoners, and to that circumstance the weakly and emaciated condition of the inmates of our gaols may often be attributed. Gruel and milk are, theoretically, wholesome and nutritious articles of food; but "gaol

THE SALMON FISHERY REFORMERS.

It would be well for us if all the advocates of reform could show as good practical reasons for their demands as the salmon fishery reformers. We have heard a great deal about the necessity for amended legislation in respect to the salmon fishery laws, and to some extent those who have been engaged in agitating this question have been listened to; and it is but fair to say that the little really done for them appears to have borne good fruits. For never since we can remember has salmon been so remarkable for the general large size of the fish, its abundance and cheapness, as it has been, so far, during the present season. Early spring fish of between 20lb. and 30lb. weight are not usually very common, the size more often being under 20lb. than over. This year, however, a great many of the fish which have come to market have been over 30lb. in weight, while, in some instances, they have been over 40lb. That the supply has been excellent is shown by the price: 4s., 5s., and even 6s. a pound in early spring has not hitherto been at all an uncommon price; this year the price has averaged somewhat about one-half those sums. That the fish is of large size is unquestionably owing to the protection afforded by various Acts of Parliament. Formerly the great proportion of spent or spawned fish were killed in a variety of ways, and the fish had no chance to reach to very large sizes; but the steady enforcement of the law by the board of conservators has certainly charged all this. That we shall have salmon at very low prices, at any rate for some time, is unlikely; for when it rules below a certain price in London it pays better to send it on to France, and France can and does take a very large supply from us; but it is comparatively cheap, and there can be little doubt that it will so remain. From all quarters, we hear good accounts of the state of the rivers as regards the stock of fish. Salmon appears to be entering the rivers freely, and in many of them at an unusually early time of the year; thus making good the assertion, we believe,



PANTHER SHOOTING IN ALGERIA.

carefully, know his Horace as familiarly as "Historicus," and sleep with Voltaire under his pillow. There have been long periods in our literature when misogyny was cultivated assiduously. To take a high degree in the craft, therefore, it is requisite to steep one's mind in Congreve and Farquhar, to learn something from Mrs. Behn, and to catch quantities of the starved and prurient conceits of Rochester and his fellows. Thackeray will not serve the purpose at all. Your true misogynist is a man of sentences, and what he wants is not so much such insight as genius could give him into real character, as a store of glittering epigrams with which he can deck his little essay and make it sparkle. He has, indeed, nothing in common with the genuine satirist, although people unreflectingly permit him to think that his thin cynicism resembles that profound sense of human weakness and that half-sad, half-humorous compassion which the real satirist feels for it. He always overdoes it, too. He deals with figments, and without any real knowledge or acquaintance with the forms and ways of life he wants to find fault with. The product of this artificial misogyny never keeps. Like gooseberry champagne, you recognise its quality when the fizzing is over. "Wit without knowledge," writes Swift, "is a sort of cream which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth, but once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the dogs." The only redeeming feature that may be found in professional misogyny is style. We ought to have plenty of deportment. We should imagine that the most polite man in Europe is that artist in Paris who is consulted by ladies of fashion as to the shape and capacities of their dresses. It stands to reason that such a man should be possessed of a refined and sober equanimity of temperament, a cool judgment to suggest, a delicacy to feel the sentiment as well as the natural dignity of the exalted position which he occupies. Is not the business of the misogynist very similar? And if his Parisian prototype were as rude to a customer as he to the girls of the period, what would happen to him?

On the whole, however, this girding at women is comparatively

gruel" and "gaol milk" are usually either a pinch of flour or meal, or a few spoonfuls of skim milk drowned in water. "Vegetable soup," too, may be either potatoes, pulse, and greens thoroughly cooked and well seasoned, or it may be the water in which vegetables are boiled. Meat may be either sweet and good, or carrion. There can be little doubt that the dietaries of the English gaols are sufficient, if fairly carried out, to maintain prisoners in health and strength; but it is a well-known fact that the first instinct of a contractor, after having entered into a contract, is to devise means for evading its due performance, if he can do so with safety and profit to himself; and we cannot help suspecting that, were the contractors who supply our gaols more closely looked after, and were the preparation of the prisoners' food more skilfully attended to, we should have little of such revelations as those which have shocked the public at the inquest on Edward Barrett, the consumptive prisoner alleged to have been starved and worked to death at the Coldbath-fields House of Correction.

PANTHER SHOOTING IN ALGERIA.

THE panther is one of the most dreaded and stealthy of the cat-tribe, and in many countries is regarded as more formidable and destructive than the lion. In Algeria the mode of killing these creatures is by a decoy. A female goat and her kid are taken to the panther's haunts, and as night approaches, the goat is tied to a stake at a little distance from a place which the hunter has selected for his shooting-point. The kid is taken from its mother, and their bleating for each other soon attracts the stealthy panther, and as it is about to spring on the poor goat, the marksmen generally succeeds in giving the beast his *quietus* at the first fire.

WALKER'S HALF-GUINEA HATS, equal in appearance and durability to those generally sold at 14s. 6d. each at the usual retail houses.—WALKER, Hatter, 49, Crawford-street, Marylebone.

—[ADVT.]
GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

of the late Mr. Fennell, that by removing obstructions to the course of the salmon we should in time make our rivers earlier rivers, that is to say, we should induce the salmon to enter them earlier. So far this is satisfactory, and it certainly gives the salmon fishery reformers a strong title to be heard yet further in behalf of their views; for it would seem that there is still a great deal to be done in removing obstructions to the free run of the fish, in restricting the netting within reasonable bounds, and in preventing pollutions.

THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

THERE is more real fun to be found among the theatrical advertisements of our contemporary the *Era* than in half the so-called comic publications. We quote the following from last week's issue:—

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF THE MANIAC.

Henry Clark, previous to returning to the Asylum, has Easter Monday and July 13 at Liberty. All New Characters. Lithos and Opinions.

HYDE.—MAMMOTH PAVILION.

Wanted, for the Summer Months, a Good Juvenile and Light Comedian, First Heavy Man; Parties accustomed to the Sensation Dramas preferred, that can keep sober for their business.

THE ORANGE MARTYR.

MR. JOHNSTONE, the Orange martyr, has completed the term of imprisonment to which he was sentenced for an offence against the Procession Act, but he declines to leave his prison, being determined to remain in gaol another month, in preference to entering into recognisances to keep the peace for the next six months. When Mr. Johnstone first entered Townpatrick gaol he obtained a medical certificate that his health was unequal to undergo the sentence to which he had been condemned; but it now appears that the air and habits of that establishment agree with him, and he is in no hurry to return to his home. His friends and supporters propose to compensate him for his sufferings by a seat in Parliament.

MILITARY HISTORY AND ENGINEERING.

On Friday evening a large audience assembled in the Lecture Room of the Royal Engineers' Establishment, Brompton Barracks, Chatham, to hear the closing lecture of a series lately delivered by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Chesney, R.E., on "The Study of Military History and its connection with Military Engineering." Major-General Freeman Murray and the garrison staff were present, also Major-General Simmons, C.B., Colonels Fitzroy Somerset, Wray, Lennox, and Tilly, and a very large number of the Royal Engineers. The lecture began by a reference to the fact that the study of military history had now been introduced at Woolwich by order of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, so that the young officers of the two scientific corps would no longer be the only part of the army left without a knowledge of the highest part of their great profession. It was not intended to repeat here the arguments in its favour already touched on at a previous occasion. Let no officer despise knowledge because not apparently of immediate use. The lecturer began a systematic study of this particular subject in 1848, when some, now eminent soldiers, believed that there never would be any more European wars. Since then we had had the campaign of Novara, the finest piece of strategy, perhaps, ever accomplished; the battle of Solferino, where modern French tactics were so remarkably illustrated; and, more important still, had seen in the war of 1866 realised the prophecy of the mighty German writer Clausewitz, who foretold many years before that in future contests armed nations would take the place of mere standing armies. Royal Engineers on civil duties were apt to have their minds abstracted from their original profession. It would be well, therefore, to remember that the present Commander-in-Chief in Abyssinia, now in his fifth campaign, was at 40 an unknown captain of Engineers employed on civil works, who had seen no service, and expected (as he himself said) to see none. The lecturer here passed to speak of the duty of exercising the critical faculty in reading of modern wars, and especially in all accounts of French campaigns written by Frenchmen. He quoted from various French authors of reputation certain details of the battles of Dresden (1813), and Mayence (1795), which were the special subjects of the evening. The former, a great French victory, is well known and fairly told; the latter, a great French disaster, is shrouded over, and its facts distorted by various amusingly absurd fictions, invented to cover the vanity of the defeated. The lecturer concluded by an appeal to the names of the great generals of this century for their belief in the value of military study. The recent memoirs of Sir W. Napier and Sir Shaw Kennedy proved clearly that Wellington's opinion on the matter was at bottom not different from those so plainly recorded by Napoleon and the Archduke Charles. Of course, there will be always some men to condemn every sort of rule but the rule of thumb. Such had troubled wiser soldiers ever since the siege of Troy, according to Shakespeare, who makes Ulysses say:—

"They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Esteem no act

But that of hand: the still and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemy's weight,
Why this hath not a finger's dignity;
So that the ram that batters down the wall
They place before his hand that made the engine."

After the lecture General Murray expressed his warm thanks, and General Simmons, in adding those of himself and his officers, took the opportunity of most earnestly adding his advice to that given by the lecturer on the subject of study. Few officers could expect to have more than one great opportunity, and each should strive to be ready for such a one, if it came, that he might not have to blame himself if he missed it. He again thanked the lecturer for his present and former voluntary attendance.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the San Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

Let not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—Go to the WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-napped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]



THOMAS MILNER GIBSON, M.P.

THE RIGHT HON. T. MILNER GIBSON, M.P.

THOMAS MILNER GIBSON, whose portrait we give, is the only son of the late Major Gibson, of the 37th Regiment. He was born in the Island of Trinidad in 1807, and was educated at the Charter House and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He graduated B.A. as a Wrangler in 1830. In 1832 he married Arethusa, daughter of the Rev. Sir Thomas Grey Cullen. He sat for Ipswich as a Conservative from 1837 until 1839, when he changed his opinions, and sided with the Liberals. On again presenting himself for re-election, he was defeated by a majority of six. In 1841 he was elected for Manchester, and continued its member until 1857, when he was returned for Ashton-under-Lyne, which constituency he has since represented. He was a prominent member of the Anti-Corn Law League; has been Vice-President of the Board of Trade; President of the Poor Law Board; and a member of the Privy Council.

"LIFTING" AT EASTER.

AMONG the old English customs now almost obsolete, that of "lifting" at Easter was at one time very popular among all classes, from the King to the peasantry. An illustration of this custom, drawn by Kenny Meadows, will be found on our front page. The usage, it is said, is a vulgar commemoration of the Resurrection, which the festival of Easter commemorates. Among the middle and upper classes the ceremony of lifting was effected by means of a garlanded chair. The servants would dress in their best, and thus lift their master or male visitors. Each lifter would give him a salute, for which he had to bestow a gratuity. In the case of the humbler classes, the men would start out on Easter Monday and lift all the females they came across, and on Easter Tuesday the field was left for the females to lift the men, and this is what is being done by the knot of buxom beauties as shown in our illustration.

"OLIVER TWIST."—Dr. Brady inquired of the Home Secretary whether it was true that the Lord Chamberlain had refused to license a play dramatised by Mr. Oxenford from Mr. Charles Dickens's celebrated novel called "Oliver Twist" "out of consideration for the feelings of parish beadles." Mr. Hardy replied that it was not true; that the Lord Chamberlain had no especial sympathy for parish beadles; that the play in question had been licensed; and that Dr. Brady's question was probably founded on the fact that many years ago two plays, called "Oliver Twist" and "Jack Sheppard," which were found to be doing much harm, were prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain of the period.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.

SCIENCE, like history, seems to revolve in circles. The fertile idea of efficient anæsthesia in surgical operations, which has been so pregnant with blessings to mankind, was thrown out by Sir Humphrey Davy in experimenting with protoxide of nitrogen—laughing gas. The American dentist Wells actually applied it in practice without encouraging success; his partner Morton, pursuing the research, was led to the use of sulphuric ether, and became, in fact, the great discoverer of practical anæsthesia, and the benefactor of his race. The decision adverse to the use of protoxide of nitrogen gas seems at least to have been hasty. Dr. Thomas W. Evans, of Paris, has this week given a series of demonstrations of its use at the Dental Hospital of London and at the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, to crowded circles of dentists and surgeons, and has produced results hitherto unknown here. Given by his and Colton's method, the period required to produce unconsciousness has been less than forty-five seconds; the operations have been harmless, the sensations of the patient agreeable, there has been no struggling or distress. The recovery has been almost instantaneous, and without headache, giddiness, sickness, or prostration, such as so frequently follow chloroform. In fact, in many instances, three minutes after the patient has expressed a willingness to submit to operation he has been standing chatting gaily by the chair, the tooth having meantime been painlessly extracted, and he having passed through a period of total unconsciousness without any disagreeable sensations. As will be seen, however, from the detailed accounts which are given of these remarkable demonstrations, it has yet to be shown how far the unconsciousness can be protracted, as is necessary for prolonged surgical operations. And great caution must be enjoined in using this agent, even by Dr. Evans's method, until we have more of our own experience to guide us. But taken with all qualifications the results are very surprising, deeply interesting, and of great promise as supplying that important desideratum—a painless and rapid anæsthetic suited for those who have to pass under the hands of the dentist and for the quicker operations of surgery, and of which the effects are entirely transient.—*British Medical Journal.*

MEDICAL GOSSIP.

THE Rivers Commission, after taking evidence for two years, has been dissolved, and entirely re-constructed. The former Commission consisted of Mr. Rawlinson, Mr. Harrison, and Professor Way; as re-constituted it will include Mr. George Denison, Mr. Norton, and Dr. Frankland.—The Greenwich Hospital Committee's report will be presented to members in Easter. The Committee have recommended that the hospital shall be put in effective working order for the reception of invalid naval pensioners and of men invalided from the naval service, of whom, in 1866, there were 1,468, and also for cases of acute disease of men on the register of the Naval Reserve in the port of London. Moreover, it is unanimously recommended that a naval medical training-school shall be established at Greenwich like the army medical school at Netley. It is proposed to enlarge the children's school by adding 200 boys, which will give a total of 1,000; and to alter the style of education by giving it a more industrial character. It is also suggested that, as no provision is made in the Greenwich schools for the female children of seamen, subsidiary grants should be given to some of the orphan asylums at the naval ports, for the admission of a limited number at each.

The Mauritius will require the outlay of a very large sum in works of public drainage before it can be habitable to Europeans, and calls for a commission of inquiry on the subject.—A weekly journal mentions that on the removal of Tattersall's to Knightsbridge the authorities of St. George's Hospital obtained permission to place a box for their Samaritan fund within the new yard, and the following are the results of the year's collection:—The box at St. George's yielded, as heretofore, over a hundred pounds—viz., £61 10s. in gold, £50 10s. 5d. in silver, and £5 9s. 3d. in copper, beside a gold locket valued at ten shillings. The box at Tattersall's yielded two shillings in the form of a florin, the result therefore of a single contribution.

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

GREY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Six Shillings per bottle. Her Zylolbalsam for the young, Three Shillings per bottle. European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

LAW AND POLICE.

DESERTING A CHILD.—Robert Davis, aged twenty-eight, a barometer-maker, residing at 5, Bride-street, Poplar, was charged before Mr. Barker with deserting his child, Robert Albert Davis, between four and five years of age, whereby it had become chargeable to the parish of Islington. From the evidence of Mr. Messer, relieving officer, it appeared that the child had been an inmate of the workhouse for more than three years, it having been brought there by a woman who stated that its parents had deserted it. Since then every endeavour had been made to trace the defendant, but without avail, until Messrs. the warrant officer, found him in full work at Hatton-garden, and on asking him if he knew where his child was, he said, "Yes, in the workhouse." From inquiries he (Mr. Messer) had made, he had ascertained that the defendant's wife shortly after the birth of the child left her home and went to Australia, and since then the defendant had cohabited with a woman and had entirely supported her and her child. As soon as the wife left him he put the infant out to nurse, agreeing to pay 5s. per week for its support, but failing in keeping up his payments, the woman took the child to the workhouse, and by false representations got it admitted. Mr. Barker asked if the parishes had many cases of children being brought to the workhouse under similar circumstances?—Mr. Messer said he knew of several. This was a regular case of baby-farming, for the woman who had the care of the child did not care what became of it when she did not get her money. The defendant had told him that he had been paying her 2s. 6d. per week of the money he owed her, the condition being that she should not let the parish authorities know of his whereabouts. From what he had heard he had no hesitation in saying that there were many similar cases in the other London workhouses. He was instructed not to come to any arrangement with the defendant, but as this was a bad case, he had to ask that an example might be made of him. The defendant said if time was given him he would repay the parish and take his child from the workhouse. He hoped that he might not be sent to prison, as it would ruin his prospects in life, and he might lose his situation, at which he was earning good wages. Mr. Barker said he considered the conduct of the defendant as very disgraceful, and sentenced him to one month's hard labour in the House of Correction. The defendant, who seemed surprised at the decision, was then removed.

THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION.—Singular Fracas.—Joseph Taylor, door-keeper at the Temperance Hall, Arnold's-place, Dockhead, at which place lectures are being given with panoramic and dissolving views of the Abyssinian expedition, was charged before Mr. Burcham, with assaulting Augustus Lenton. The latter stated that he resided at Dockhead, and on the 24th of last month, perceiving that Mr. Gompertz, the proprietor of the panorama, allowed young children to be admitted at a charge of a penny each, he took seven and paid for them. Another child wanted to pass, but not being provided with a penny, it was pushed back by the defendant in a violent manner. He interfered, and paid the money, and demanded that the child should be admitted. The defendant abused him and pushed him on one side, and threatened to punch him on the head. He also struck witness, and behaved so savagely towards him that he was determined to take the present proceedings against him. In cross-examination by Mr. Edwin for the defendant, witness said he made use of bad language as well as the defendant, and threatened to punch his head. He told witness several times to go away, but he would not until he saw the children go in. In answer to the charge, Mr. Edwin said that Mr. Gompertz, the lecturer, and proprietor of the panorama, which was well-known to be conducted in a highly respectable manner, for a few days allowed children to be admitted at certain hours on payment of a penny each. At the time of the disturbance there were between 500 and 600 children in the building, and the complainant's conduct threw everything in disorder and caused a deal of commotion and alarm among them. He was instructed to say that all the defendant did was to prevent the complainant forcing his way into the building. He called Mr. Gompertz, who said that, hearing a disturbance in the entrance of the hall, he proceeded to ascertain the cause of it, when he saw the complainant more like a madman than anything else. The defendant, who had charge of the door, remonstrated with him, and as he would not leave he was ejected. Witness was compelled to stop the lecture some time, and most of his juvenile audience were very much frightened. Mr. Burcham had no doubt that the complainant had acted in a very violent manner, and the defendant very properly ejected him from the building. Under these circumstances he dismissed the case.

UNFOUNDED CHARGE.—Mr. Samuel Wilnot, upholsterer, 53, Edgeware-road, was charged with stealing furniture to the value of 60l., the property of Mrs. Seymour, of Brunswich-square. Mr. Raven, from the office of Mr. Willis, prosecuted and Mr. Abrams defended. Mrs. Seymour said she was a married woman but was separated from her husband, and had obtained a protection order in the Westminster Police-court. She had recently engaged the defendant to furnish her house, and after communicating with two friends to whom she had referred him he supplied goods to the value of 250l. She paid him 15l. on account. Afterwards he attempted to remove 60l. worth of goods, being, with the exception of a few articles a portion of the goods so supplied. In cross-examination she admitted that the rest of the goods had been removed under a bill of sale by a person who had lent her some money, and that the bill of sale had actually been executed before the goods were sent in. The person who held that document was one of the references on the faith of whose recommendation Mr. Wilnot had trusted her. She admitted that under the name of Mrs. Johns she had obtained goods, still unpaid for, from another tradesman. Mr. Abrams stigmatised the prosecutrix as a swindler, and said that when Mr. Wilnot found that the goods were being removed under a fictitious bill of sale he was justified in interfering to recover the remnant of the property he had been cheated out of. Mr. Vaughan said that at all events if she had any claim on Mr. Wilnot, it must be tried by civil action, not by a criminal prosecution. Mr. Wilnot was discharged. Afterwards a summons was issued against Mrs. Seymour for obtaining goods by false pretences.

On Saturday evening a man named Peter Gavin was shot and dangerously wounded, in Manchester, by a companion named George Stewart, a shoeing smith. The injured man has been employed as a labourer at the new race-course in Cross-lane, Salford, and has been in the habit of returning home to Stockport at the week's end. While going along Deansgate in company with Stewart and some other men, with whom he had been drinking on Saturday night, the party stopped at a shooting gallery in Liverpool-road, and a match was arranged between them for some drink. They were all more or less under the influence of liquor. After a few shots had been fired a dispute arose between Gavin and Stewart as to whose turn it was to fire next, and as Stewart was in the act of taking aim Gavin put his hand upon his shoulder and said, "That is not fair; it is not your turn," whereupon Stewart turned round and said, "D— you, I'll shoot you," and so saying discharged the rifle, the muzzle of which was within a few inches of Gavin's face. The ball struck Gavin on the right side of the mouth, and fractured his jaw bone. Stewart was seized by the keeper of the shooting-gallery, and given into the custody of the police. He stated at the police-station that he did not intend to discharge the rifle at Gavin, and that it went off accidentally.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

THE result of the race has been another addition to the list of Oxford's victories, and is quite in accordance with the expectations of those who had studied the formation and character of the rival crews. Cambridge have fought an uphill game this spring. Public pressure and the emulation of rising men, who, in defiance of misfortune, coveted a place in their University eight, drew forth the usual pair of "trial eights" in the autumn; and the satisfactory promise of these crews induced the final issue of the customary challenge. The untimely loss of one of the best rowing men of Cambridge at one time threatened a withdrawal of the race, but the matter was smoothed over, and hard practice commenced. The material was fair, and, though rough, was ready, but there was much vexation in the selection of a competent coach to take the place of the president, when the time should come for him to commence rowing on his own account in the boat. Kelley, the waterman, was first sent for, but was soon shelved in favour of a "steerer" of the old school. Under his care Cambridge acquired three radical faults: they went too far back, had no lift of either body or hands in the recovery, and no vestige of "catch" at the beginning of the stroke. The latter failing prevented the acquisition of any pace or power in the stroke, the two former effectually crippled any attempt to put on a real racing stroke without rowing in a short, snatching way. At the same time the bodies and oars worked in fair uniformity, and the style, such as it was, was the same throughout the boat, with the exception of stroke, who alone rowed with anything like life, but found no one behind him to imitate him, or do him justice. To the fact that the tuition of the men was not at first entrusted to some "barman" who had practical experience of rowing, *per se*, rather than of more radical lines, may be attributed the failure of Cambridge this year. The individual men were on an average a finer set than the Oxford men, though for style and strength, each in his own way, three Oxonians eclipsed the best of the Cantabs.

Oxford started with the aid of the prestige of seven successive triumphs, and the whole of the winning crew of 1867 nominally available; but three of the best men of the latter were for private reasons unable to row, and instead of lamenting over the fortune of war, the authorities set to work to manufacture new oars for the "vacancies." The etiquette that had so often crippled Cambridge crews, of continuing *ex officio*, the services in a succeeding year of those representatives of the crew who offered themselves for re-election, has had for years past no hold in Oxford. Members even of winning crews have been weighed and found wanting for a second essay, while losers at Cambridge have been continued in office to the exclusion of rising men. This year Cambridge to some extent followed the example of Oxford and took only a selection from the eight of 1867, but it was reserved for dark blues to perform the anomaly of shelving a victorious stroke-oar in favour of a comparatively untried man. The change, however, worked for good, and the ex-stroke rowed 50 per cent. better behind his successor than he had to his own stroke. Oxford, however, were bad in all points save one when they came to Putney a fortnight ago: a good grip of the water was their redeeming point, beyond this they had neither time, swing, training, nor finish about them. Recent changes and a bad bill of health excused some of these failures, and by the end of the week improvement was palpable. Though never first-rate, they rapidly approached the average standard of pace and justified the odds already laid upon them. Their spins with the watermen on Thursday, though held by some critics to be conclusive of their demerits, really showed that, though culpably slow in getting away for the first six strokes, they had a fair turn of speed when once under way. The trial, on the other hand, of Cambridge with the London "twelves," even allowing for the superiority of the latter over its predecessors of other years, was decidedly an indifferent one.

Those who believed in omens thought they saw their way into futurity as it became known the "toss" had fallen to the lot of Cambridge for the first time since 1861. By 11.30 both boats were launched and off to stations, a clear field before them, steamers for once under control of the Thames Conservancy, a fair tide and no wind. Cambridge were slovenly as they paddled up, different from their usual rowing. "Are you ready," said Searle, after two or three failures to get ready simultaneously. "No reply," and the word is given. Both got slowly away—Cambridge wild, Oxford sluggish. After a dozen strokes Cambridge were up to forty-one strokes per minute and ponder to the fore, gradually leading till they have half a length to the good at Craven. There Darbishire quickens up to thirty-nine, his men well together and long in reach, with a good catch at the beginning. Cambridge already woefully out of time on the stroke side. Both steer wide and crookedly off the point, but in the straight "shoot" Oxford came rapidly up, lead at the Crab Tree, and soon draw clear. Tottenham takes the shore arch at Hammersmith in 7 min. 30 sec. from the start, and goes fast; Cambridge sticks well to the work so far as exertion is concerned, but time has already gone and form is falling. Still is sitting up manfully and keeping his shape, and stroke is swinging well forward and keeping his individual stroke long in spite of difficulties. But the rest back them up indifferently; the stroke side is rowing like a peal of bells, all are hanging at the chest, and none reach more than half forward. Public cheers and sympathy are, of course, unanimous for Cambridge, but their time is not yet, and matters are more hopeless than ever as they enterorney Reach. Oxford are now getting out of time on the stroke side, but bows are rowing well. Barnes Bridge is reached in 16 min. 45 sec.; two lengths clear daylight between the boats, and as Darbishire settles down to a quicker off the White Hart, Oxford go faster away and fall into time once more.

Their rowing was fair on the whole. Cambridge, as expected, went to pieces under a racing stroke. A good coach would have made a superior crew out of the material. Even 4, who was so loudly censured for his crab, has good points and good physique; and with proper care will do his University a good turn some day. Had all rowed like Still and Pinckney the tale might have been different; wisdom will come sooner or later by experience; and despite the handicap of the sluggish Cam, there is an opening for a future winning eight out of the material showed by Cambridge. It is a long lane that has no turning. As Shadwell, Moxie, and Hugh-a, who turned the tide of Cambridge victory in 1842 are household words at Oxford, so will his name be who shall first bring back luck and style (for it is a little of each is wanted) to Cambridge.

Pinckney makes a final spurt off the brewery, but its result is to embarrass No. 4, who has been in difficulties some time, and in trying to keep up to the pace he catches a "crab" and subsides into No. 3's lap. In a few strokes more Oxford pass the flag boat, winning by four clear lengths in 20 min. 55 sec. The time as taken by "Benyon's Chronograph" was as follows:—Start, 11 hours 46 min. 49 sec. Arrival, 12 hours 7 min. 26 sec. Duration of race, 20 min. 37 sec. The duration of race in 1867 was 22 min. 39 sec.

OUTRAGES AT CORK.—Violent entry of houses and seizure of arms are, we are assured by a correspondent, matters of frequent occurrence, but that in a majority of the cases the victims of these outrages dare not give information. A very mysterious affair happened lately. A stone-mason named Reardon, with three other men, were in a public-house, when Reardon was seriously wounded in the breast by a bullet from a revolver. The other three men at once decamped without being recognised. No one else was present to tell what passed, and Reardon says they were strangers to him. It is believed that all four were Fenians, and that they had quarrelled.

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

THE Compound Householder Again!—Mrs. Waring: "Well, mum, my 'usband' says if they rates 'im, he'll take it out in relief!"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Mr. Gladstone is for dis-establishing the Irish Protestant Church. Mr. Disraeli, on the contrary is for Diz-establishing it.

SHAKESTRIANA.—"Standard": "But it was not only for its eloquence and its wit that Mr. Hardy's speech evoked such plaudits. It had the genuine Church and State Ring." Benedick: "Why, that's spoken like an honest drover. So they ring pigs."

LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT.—(For Foxhunters Only).—Non-Sporting Man: "Why, Bob, old fellow, how wretched you look! And what are all these boots and things about for?" Bob: "Well, they're going to be put away to-morrow for seven months. Isn't that enough to make a fellow look wretched?"

CONUNDRUM.—Q. It is made with a train, it travels with a train, it is of no use to a train, but a train cannot travel without it.—A. A Noise.

MANNERS!—Young Mistress: "Jane, I'm surprised that none of you stood up when I went into the kitchen just now!" Jane: "Indeed, mum! which we was surprised ourselves at you a comin' into the kitchen while we was a 'avin' our luncheon!"

FUN.

AN OBJECTIONABLE PLANT.—The Croke-us.

THE CAPITATION GRANT.—A Cardinal's Hat.

SUITABLE SITE FOR A WEATHERCOCK.—Vere Street.

A "REFRESHER" FOR COUNTRY PARSONS.—Easter dues.

A STITCH IN TIME.—The latest novelty in sewing machines is one that will follow the thread of an argument.

THATPEDI.—Betting forms such a prominent feature at the gatherings of the members of the Gun Club that we are led to suppose "The Game of Speculation" must be—pigeons.

NOT OVER-EAGER.—Mr. Twentystun, outside a horse, and rather nervous: "John, do you know whether there's a ditch on the other side?" John: "No, there ain't, sir!" Mr. T.: "Ah! then just pull down the hedge!"

LINE UPON LINE.—Those who put their names to bills as a "matter of form" to oblige a friend, generally have to repent their folly—for we know a man who won't "endorse" a friend's opinion—still there is one good point in their proceedings—they write only on one side the paper.

HURRY! HURRY!—Jones: "Hullo, Smith, haven't seen you for an age—how are ye?" Smith: "Don't stop me, there's a good fellow—just bought a new bonnet as a present for my wife, and I must hurry home with it, or it might be out of fashion by the time I get there!"

"FOX OPEN, OSSECRIO!"—The mink is being domesticated and bred in America for the sake of its fur; and it is asserted that unless these means are taken for the preservation of the fur-bearing breeds of animals, they will in a comparatively short time be exterminated. In other words, if we don't economise them they won't go far.

JUDY.

AND NO MISTAKE.—Mr. Hardy, while speaking on the Irish Church Question, gave the Opposition some awful "Home-Thrusts!"

BETTER STILL.—Lady of uncertain attractions: "Are you an Angel?" Conductor: "No, Miss, but I can change you into one."

CONCLUSIVE.—Since the "Girl of the Period," as depicted by the writer in the "Saturday Posh-posh," is entirely an imaginary creation on the part of that writer, it follows, as a matter of course, that he himself must be a miscreant!

TO BURCHAM.—How much is the "Weal" of Fortune a pound, and is it obtained from the "golden calf?"

A DEED OF SETTLEMENT.—Murder.

A "DEED WITHOUT A NAME."—An unsigned will.

"MADE" OF MONEY.—An Heiress!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—"Showing-off" one's knowledge!

A CON. FOR MACKONCHIE.—When does a non-ritualist lose his temper?—When he gets incensed!

SIMPLY RIDICULOUS.—When a newspaper apologises in its columns for a libel it has circulated, may it said to do penance in its own "sheets!"

VERY TRUE.—It is announced that Mr. Whitworth, of rifle notoriety, has given £100,000 for the purpose of promoting technical education. This cannot be called a t-rifle, neither dare it be said that Mr. Whitworth is not worth a whit.

OUR "TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS" PROPHECY.

Tho' no great prophets, we can state,

With confidence, this race,

This present year of sixty-eight,

Will needs be won by "Face!"

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—We know a gentleman who, for some fanciful reasons, has a strong objection to have any of his sons named after him. On the other hand, we know another gentleman who, for very well-grounded reasons, we believe, has a strong objection to have any of his sons named "before" him!

TOMAHAWK.

THE candlemakers will, at all events, rejoice at the decision in the St. Alban's case. Altar lights are to be henceforth deemed lawful. Doubtless the Ritualists will endeavour, with redoubled assiduity, to make religious ceremony a pearl of great Price.

THE advocates for the abolition of capital punishment had better look to our prison rules, as we seem in danger of substituting death by slow starvation in lieu of speedy strangulation. If we want to wear our felons to skeletons by giving them hard work, and insufficient food, had we not better call them paupers at once? The thing will then seem more natural.

FRANCE now numbers 1,350,000 soldiers, most of them recruited on compulsion. Are French journals now satisfied with the freedom of the Press?

MANY people seem to have expected that Mr. Gladstone would have moved his resolution at once on the commencement of the great debate, but Lord Stanley's irresolution took precedence.

SUCCESS has generally sequela. The Zoetrope was a success, yet the London Stereoscopic Company have unaccountably neglected to patent a Wheel of Death. Perhaps the prison in Cold-bath Fields may supply them with a hint.

AFTER the Home Secretary's home thrusts and hardy blows on Tuesday evening, the Prime Minister was heard singing softly to himself:—

"Oh, who will pluck this gay-thorn from my side?"

TRUST me, Townshead, Lord, my Lord,

You have too many games in hand;

Are there no vagrants in the streets,

Nor any breakdowns in the land?

Go, teach the Arab lads to work,

The gods to jeer at Ivanhoe;

Enclothe those feeble legs in tight,

And let the foolish slaves go.

THE only appointment officially known respecting the New Commission on the Pollution of Rivers, is that Sir George Denison (brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons) is to be Chief Commissioner. When the preliminary proceedings are all settled the new commissioners will commence their inquiries, it is anticipated, at Birkenhead or its immediate vicinity.

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Up with the Lark in the Morning. Work, Boys, Work.
Motto for Every Man. Where There's a Will
There's a Way.

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Jones's Musical Party. Up a Tree.
My Old Wife and I. My Rattling Mare.
Polly Perkins. Shelling Green Peas.
My Mother-in-Law. The Railway Bell (e).
The Weepin' Willer. Pull Back.
Water Cresses. Merry Old Uncle Joe.

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proper. A more marvellous recovery was never heard
of. The facts are as follows:—My illness commenced
four years since with rheumatism, the pains being
of the most agonising description, such as no one can
form any idea of but those who have been similarly
affected. My medical man was sent for, and every-
thing was done for me that he could think of. As I
derived no benefit I consulted others, but all with the
same result. Indeed, I consulted most of the medi-
cal men for 20 miles round; but the more medicine I took
the worse I became, until at last all power in my limbs
was gone. I became completely paralysed, and lay
in bed as one dead. The little nourishment I could
make use of was put into my mouth by the nurse, and
in this way life was retained for a period of ten months.
My brother, Mr. John Lewis, of Tyddyn, Llanwen,
Carmarthen, now heard of the extraordinary effects
produced by your Galvanic Apparatus, and, notwith-
standing the opposition he met with, and hints of the
presumption to believe that any earthly power could
ever be of service to me, he ordered one from you.
This was last autumn. What I am now about to state
will, I fear, with difficulty be credited. In three weeks
after commencing the galvanism, power was restored
to my arms—yes, I could now help myself to my food.
In another week power returned to my legs, and I was
now able to leave my bed to which I had been con-
fined for ten months. You may easily imagine how
thankful to the Almighty I felt. From that hour I
have continued to improve, and strength is rapidly
returning. I do not think that misery I might have
saved myself if I had applied to you in the first in-
stance. I now rise every morning at nine o'clock, and
take gentle walking exercise. The first time I rode out
with my brother many of my old friends could scarcely
believe their eyes—they looked upon me as one risen
from the dead—indeed, my marvellous recovery is the
talk of the whole neighbourhood. Make this letter as
public as you please.—I remain, dear Sir, your truly
grateful patient, ELEANOR DAVIES, Trebanne Cellan,
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